

A
PLEASANT
conceited Comedie,
Wherein is shewed
how a man may chuse a good
Wife from a bad.

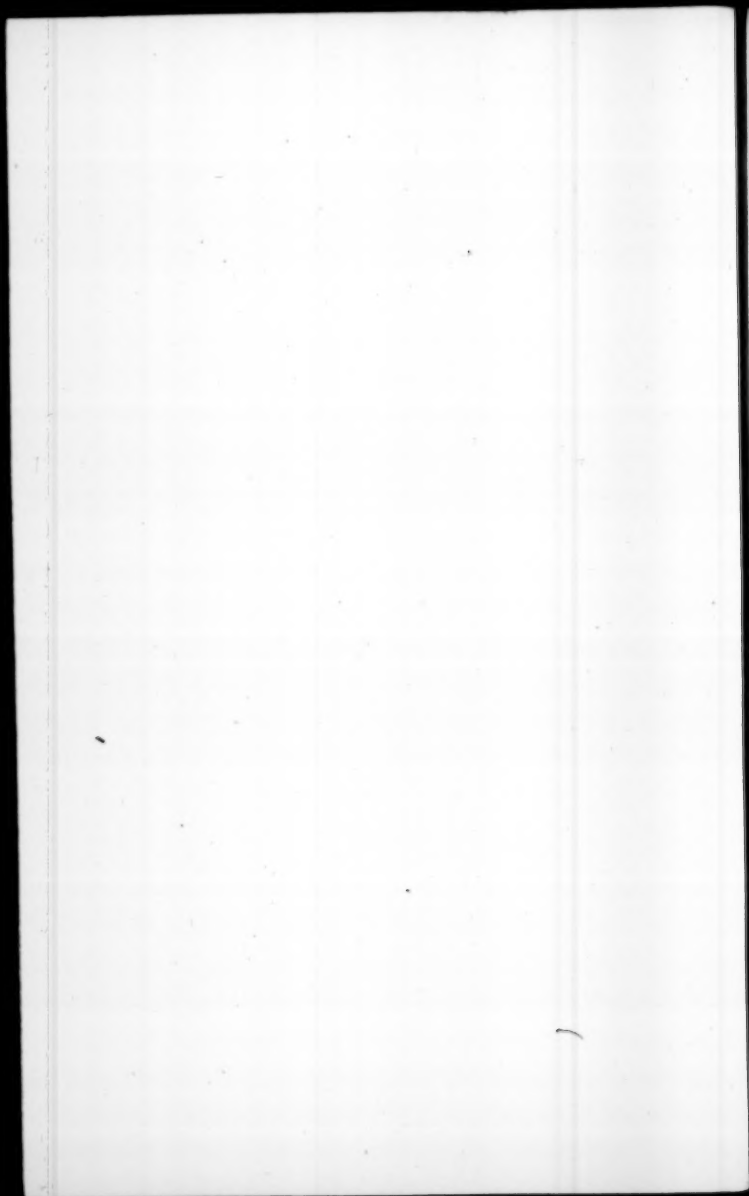
*As it hath bene sundry times Acted by the Earle of
Worcesters Seruants.*



LONDON

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1602.





A pleasant conceited Come- die, wherein is shewed how a man may chuse a good Wife from a bad.

*Enter as upon the Exchange, young Maister Arthur,
and Maister Lufam.*

Arthur.

I Tell you true Sir, but to every man
I would not be so lavish of my speech,
Only to you my deare and priuate friend,
Although my wife in every eye, be held
Of beautie and of grace sufficient,
Of honest birth and good behauiour,
Able to winne the strongest thoughts to her,
Yet in my mind I hold her the most hated
And loathed object that the world can yeeld.

Lufam. Oh M. Arthur, beare a better thought
Of your chaste wife, whose modesty hath wonne
The good opinion and report of all:
By heauen you wrong her beautie, she is faire.

Ar. Not in mine eye.

Lu. O you are cloyed with dainties M. Arthur
And too much sweetnes glutted hath your tast,
And makes you loath them: At the first
You did admire her beautie, praise her face,
Were proud to haue her follow at your heeles
Through the broad streets, when all censuring tongues

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Found themselves busied as she past along,
To extoll her in the hearing of you both,
Tell me I pray you and dissemble not,
Haue you not in the time of your first loue,
Hugd such new popular and vulgar talke,
And glorified still to see her brauely deckt:
But now a kind of loathing hath quite changede,
Your shape of loue into a forme of hate,
But on what reason ground you this hate?

Ar. My reason is my mind, my ground my wil,
I will not loue her: If you aske me why
I cannot loue her, let that answere you.

Ls. Be iudge all eyes, her face deserues it not,
Then on what roote growes this hie branch of
Is she not loyall, constant, louing, chaste,
Obedient, apt to please, loth to displease,
Carefull to liue, chary of her good name,
And icalous of your reputation?
Is she not vertuous, wise, religious?
How should you wrong her to deny all this?
Good M. *Arthur* let me argue with you I baim you to Y

Enter walking and talking. M. Anselme, and M. Ful.

Ful. Oh M. *Anselme*, grown a Louer, sic, go home
What might he be, on whom your hopes relye?

An. What fooles they are that seem most wise in loue,
How wise they are, that are but fooles in loue,
Before I was a Louer, I had reason
To iudge of matters, censure of all sorts,
Nay I had wit to call a Louer foole,
And looke into his folly with bright eyes,
But now intruding Loue dwels in my braine,

And

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

And frantickly hath shouldered reason hence,
I am not old, and yet alas I doare;
I haue not lost my sight, and yet am blind,
No bondman, yet haue lost my libertie,
No naturall foole, and yet I want my wit.
What am I then, let me define my selfe;
A doatar yong, a blind man that can see,
A wittie foole, a bond-man that is free.

Ful. Good aged youth, blind seer, & wise foole,
Loose your free bonds, and set your thoughts to

Enter old M. Arthur, and old M. Lufam. (School.

Old Ar. Tis told me M. Lufam, that my sonne
And your chaste daughter whom we matcht together,
Wrangle and fall at oddes, and brawle and chide.

Old Lu. Nay I thinke so, I neuer look for better.
This tis to marry children when they are yong,
I said as much at first, that such yong brats
Would gree together, euen like dogs and cats.
Old Ar. Nay pray you M. Lufam say not so,
There was great hope, though they were matcht but
Their vertues would haue made them sympathise, yong
And liue together like two quicke Saines.

Old Lu. You say true, there was great hope indeed
They would haue liu'd like Saines, but whences the fault?

Old Ar. If fame be true, the most fault's in my sonne.

Old Lu. You say true M. Arthur, tis so indeed.

Old Ar. Nay sir, I do not altogether excuse
Your daughter, many lay the blame on her.

Old Lu. Ha say you so, bithmasse tis like enough,
For from her childhood she hath bene a shrowe.

Old Ar. A shrow, you wrong her, all the towne admires
For mildnesse, chastnesse, and humilitie.

Old Lu. Fore God you say well, she is so indeed:

A Pleasant conceited Comedie

The Citie doth admire her for these vertues.

Old Ar. O sir, you praise your child too palpably,
Shee's mild and chaste, but not admir'd so much.

Old Lu. I so I say, I did not meane admir'd.

Old Ar. Yes if a man do well consider her,
Your daughter is the wonder of her sexe.

Old Lu. Are you aduise of that, I cannot tell
What tis you call the wonder of her sexe,
But she is, is she, I indeed she is.

Old Ar. What is she?

Old Lu. Euen what you wil, you know best what she is.

Anselm. You is her husband, let vs leaue this walke,
How full are bad thoughts of suspicion;
I loue, but loath my selfe for louing so,
Yet cannot change my disposition.

Fuller. *Medicure seipsum.*

Anselm. *Hei mihi quod nullum amor est medicabilem herba.*

Tong Ar. All your persuasions are to no effect,
Neuer alledge her vertues nor her beautie,
My settled vnkindnes hath begot
A resolution to be vnkind still,
My raunging pleasures loue varietie.

Old Lu. Oh too vnkind vnto so kind a wife,
Too vnlike to one so vertuous,
And too vnchaste vnto so chaste a matron.

Tong Ar. But soft sir, see where my two fathers are
Busily talking, let vs shrink aside,
For if they see me, they are bent to chide.

Exeunt.

Old Ar. I thinke tis best to goe straight to the house
And make them friends againe: what thinke you sir?

Old Lu. I thinke so too.

Old Ar. Now I remember too, that's not so good;

For

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

For diuers reasons I thinke best stay here,
And leaue them to their wrangling, what thinke you?

Old Lu. I thinke so too.

Old Arth. Nay we will goe that's certaine. (goe.)

Old Lu. I tis best, tis best in sooth: theres no way but to

Old Arth. Yet if our going should breed more vnrest,
More discord, more dissention, more debate,
More wrangling where there is inough already,
Twere better stay then goe.

Old Lu. Fore God tis true,
Our going may perhaps breed more debate,
And then we may too late wish we had staid:
And therefore if you will be rulde by me,
We will not goe that's flat: Nay if we loue
Our credits, or our quiets, lets not goe!

Old Ar. But if we loue their credits or their quiets we
And reconcile them to their former loue: (must goe)
Where there is strife betwixt a man and wife tis hell,
And mutuall loue may be compar'd to heauen:
For then their soules and spirits are at peace.

Come *M. Lusam*, now tis dinner time,
When we haue dinde, the first worke we will make,
Is to decide their iarrs for pitie sake.

Old Lu. Welfare a good hart, yer are you aduise,
Goe said you *M. Arthur*, I will runne,
To end these broyles that discord hath begunne.

Exit M. Lusam, and her men. *Enter Mistris Arthur, and her man Riptin.*

Mistris Ar. Com hither *Riptin*, how chance you tread
Rip. Forfeare of breaking Mistrisse. (so softly?)

Mistris Ar. Art thou afraid of breaking, how so?

Rip. Can you blame me Mistris, I am crackt already.

Mistris. Crackt *Riptin*, how, hath any crackt your crown?

Rip. No

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Pip. No Mistris, I thank God my crown is currant, but

Mis. Ar. But what?

Pip. The mayd gaue me not my supper yesternight, so that indeed my belly wambled; and standing neare the great sea-coale fire in the hall, and not being full, on the sodaine I crackt, and you know Mistris a Pipkin is soone broken.

Mis. Ar. Sirra runne to the Exchange, and if you there Can finde my husband, pray him to come home, Tell him I will not eate a bit of bread Vntill I see him: prethee *Pipkin* runne;

Pip. Bur Lady Mistris, if I should tell him so, it may be he would not come, were it for no other cause but to saue charges, He rather tell him, if he come not quickly, you will eate vp all the meate in the house, and then if he be of my stomacke he will ruine euery foote, and make the more hast to dinner.

Mis. Ar. I thou maist iest, my heart is not so light, It can digest the least conceit of ioy: Intreat him fairly, though I thinke he loues All places worse that he beholds me in, Wilt thou be gone?

Pip. Whither Mistrisse, to the Chaunge?

Mis. Ar. I to the Chaunge.

Pip. I will Mistrisse, hoping my M. will goe so oft to the Chaunge, that at length he will chaunge his minde, and vse you more kindly, o it were braue if my Maister could meete with a Marchant of ill ventres to bargain with him for all his bad conditions, and he sell them outright, you should haue a quieter heart, and weall a quieter house: but hoping Mistrisse you will passe over all these laies and squabells in good heald, as my Maister was at the making thereof, I commend you.

On. Pip.

Mis. Ar.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Mis. Ar. Make haste againe I prethee, till I see him.
My heart will neuer be at rest within me:
My husband hath of late so much estrang'd
His words, his deeds, his heart from me,
That I can sildome haue his company:
And euen that sildome with such discontent,
Such frownes, such chidings, such impatience,
That did not truth & vertue arme my thoughts,
They would confound me with dispaire & hate,
And make me runne into extremities.
Had I deseru'd the least bad looke from him,
I should account my selfe too bad to liue,
But honouring him in loue and chastitie,
All iudgements censure freely of my wrongs.

Enter young Arthur, Maister Lufam, Pipkin.

Yon. Ar. Pipkin what said she when she sent for me?

Pip. Faith maister she said litle, but she thought more,
For she was very melancholy.

Yon. Ar. Did I not tell you she was melancholy?
For nothing else but that she sent for me,
And fearing I would come to dine with her.

Yon. Luf. O you mistake her euen vpon my soule,
I durst affirme you wrong her chastitie.
See where she doth attend your comming home.

Mis. Ar. Come maister Arthur, shall we in to dinner?
Sirra be gone, and see it seru'd in.

Yon. Luf. Will you not speake vnto her?

Yon. Ar. No not I, will you go in first?

Mis. Ar. Not speake to me, nor once looke towards me?
It is my dutie to begin I know,
And I will break this Ice of courtesie.
You are welcome home fir

Yon. Ar. Haile maister Lufam, if she mocke me not,

MOY

B

You

A pleasant conceited Comedie

You are welcome home sir, am I welcome home,
Good faith I care not if I be or no.

Tom. Lu. Thus you misconster all things *M. Arthur*,
Looke if her true loue melt not into teares.

Tom. Ar. She weeps, but why? that I am come so soone
To hinder her of some appointed guests,
That in my absence reuels in my house:
She weepes to see me in her company,
And were I absent, she would laugh with ioy.
She weepes to make me weary of the house,
Knowing my hart cannot away with griefe.

Mist. Ar. Knew I that mirth would make you loue my
I would enforce my hart to be more mery. (bed,

Tom. Ar. Do you not heare, she would inforce her hart,
All mirth is foret that she can make with me.

Tom. Lu. O misconceit, how bitter is thy tast?
Sweet *M. Arthur*, *Mist. Ar.* too,
Let me intreat you reconcile these iarrs,
Odious to heauen, and most abhord of men.

Mist. Ar. You are a stranger sir, but by your words
You do appeare an honest Gentleman:
If you professe to be my husbands friend,
Persist in these perswasions: and be Iudge
With all indifference in these discontents.
Sweet husband, if I be not faire enough
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,
Only at comming home speake me but faire:
If you delight to change, change when you please,
So that you will not change your loue to me.
If you delight to see me drudge and toyle,
Ile be your drudge, because tis your delight,
Or if you thinke me vnworthie of the name
Of your chaste wife, I will become your maide,

Your

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Your slave, your servant, any thing you will,
If for that name of servant, and of slave,
You will but smile vpon me now and then.
Or if as I well thinke you cannot loue me,
Loue where you list, only say but you loue me:
Ile feed on shadowes let the substance goe.
Will you deny me such a small request?
What will you neither loue nor flatter me?
O then I see your hate here doth but wound me,
And with that hate it is your frownes confound me.

Ion. Lu. Wonder of women: why hark you *M. Arthur*,
What is your wife a woman or a Saint?

A wife, or some bright Angell come from heauen?

Are you not mou'd at this straunge spectacle?

This day I haue beheld a miracle.

When I attempt this sacred nuptiall life,

I beg of heauen to finde me such a wife.

Ion. Ar. Ha, ha, a miracle, a miracle.

To see a woman weep is as much pittie

As to see Foxes digd out of their holes:

If thou wilt pleasure me, let me see thee lesse,

Greeue much, they say griefe shortens life,

Come not too neere me, till I call thee wife.

And that will be but fildome, I will tell thee

How thou shalt winne my hart, die sodainly,

And be become a lustie widower:

The longer thy life lasts the more my hate,

And loathing still increaseth towards thee.

When I come home & finde thee cold as earth,

Thé wil I loue thee: thus thou knowst my mind.

Come *M. Lufam*, let vs in to dine. *(Exeunt.)*

Ion. Lu. O sir, you too much affect this euil,

Pore Saint, why wert thou yoked thus with a diuel. *Exit.*

Na. I. Mo

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Mis. Ar. If thou wilt win my heart, die suddenly,
But that my soule was bought at such a rate,
At such a high price as my Saviours blood,
I would not sticke to loose it with a stab.
But vertue banish all such fantasies.
He is my husband, and I loue him well,
Next to my owne soules health I tender him:
And would giue all the pleasures of the world,
To buy his loue if I might purchase it.
Ile follow him, and like a seruant waite,
And strue by all meanes to preuench his hate.

Exit.

Enter old Arthur, and old Lufam.

old Ar. This is my sonnes house, were it best goe in,
How say you maister Lufam?

old Luf. How goe in, how say you sir?

old Ar. I say tis best

old Luf. I sir, say you so, so say I too.

old Ar. Nay, nay, it is not best, Ile tel you why,

Happily the fire of hate is quite extinct

From the dead embers, now to rake them vp,

Should the least sparke of discontent appeare,

To make the flame of hatred burne a fresh,

The heate of this dissention might scorche vs,

Which in his owne cold ashes smothered vp,

May dye in silence, and reuiue no more:

And therefore tell me, is it best or no?

old Luf. How say you sir?

old Ar. I say it is not best.

old Luf. Masse you say well sir, & so say I too.

old Ar. But shall we loose our labour to come hither,

And without sight of our two children?

Goe backe againe, nay we will in that's certaine.

old Luf.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

old Lu. In quotha, do you make a doubt of that?
Shall we come thus far, and in such post hast,
And haue our children here and both within,
And not behold them ere our backe returne?
It were vnfriendly, and vnfatherly:
Come M. *Arthur*, pray you follow me.

old Ar. Nay but harke you sir, will you not knock?

old Lu. Is't best to knock?

old Ar. I knock in any case.

old Lu. Twas well you put it in mind to knock,
I had forgotten it else I promise you. (doore,

old Ar. Tush, ist not my sonnes and your daughters
And shall we two stand knocking? Leade the way.

old Lu. Knock at our childrens doores, that were a Iest,
Are we such fooles to make our selues so straunge
Where we should still be boldest? In for shame.

We will not stand ypon such ceremonies. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ful. Speake in what cue sit do you find your hart,
Now thou hast slept a little on thy loue?

Ans. Like one that striues to shun a little plash
Of shallow water, and auoyding it,
Plunges into a Riuer past his depth.
Like one that from a small sparke steps aside,
And falls in headlong to a greater flame:

Ful. But in such fiers scorch not thy selfe for
If she be fier, thou art so far frō burning, (shame.
That thou hast scarce yet warmed thee at her face
But list to me, Ile turne thy hart from loue,
And make thee loath all of the feminine sexe.
They that haue knowne me, knew me once of
To be a perfect wench: I haue tried (name
All sorts, all sects, all states, and finde them still
Inconstant, fickle, alwaies variable.

Attend me man, I will prescribe a methode
How thou shalt win him without al peraduecture.

Ans. That would I gladly heare.

Ful. I was once like thee,

A sigher, melancholy, humorist,

Crosser of armes, a goer without garters,

A hatband-hater, and a busk-point wearer,

One that did vse much bracelets made of haire,

Rings on my fingers, Jewels in mine eares,

And now and then a wenchs Carcanet,

That had two letters for her name in Pearle:

Skarfes, garters, bands, wrought waistcoats, gold, stitche

A thousand of those female fooleries,

But when I lookt into the glasse of Reason, strait I began

To loath that femall brauery, and henceforth

Studie to cry *peccani* to the world.

Ans. I pray you to your former argument,

Prescribe a meanes to winne my best belou'd.

Ful. First be not bashfull, bar all blushing tricks,

Be not too apish female, do not come

With foolish Sonets to present her with,

With legs, with curtesies, congies, and such like:

Nor with pend speeches, or too far fetcht sighes,

I hate such anrick queint formalitie.

Ans. Oh but I cannot watch occasion,

She dashes euery profer with a frowne.

Ful. A frowne, a foole art thou afraid of frownes?

He that will leaue occasion for a frowne,

Were I his Iudge (all you his case bemone)

His doome should be, euer to lie alone.

Ans. I cannot chuse but when a wench saies nay,

To take her at her word and leaue my sute.

Ful. Continue that opinion, and be sure

To die a virgin chaste, a mayden pure.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

I was my chance once in my wanton daies
To Court a wench, harke and he tell thee how :
I came vnto my Loue, and she lookt coy,
I spake vnto my Loue, she turnd aside,
I tucht my Loue, and gan with her to toy,
But she sat mute for anger, or for pride :
I stru'd and kist my Loue, she cried away :
Thou woulst haue left her thus, *I* made her stay.
I catcht my Loue, and wrung her by the hand,
I took my Loue and set her on my knee,
And puld her to me, O you spoile my band,
You hurt me sir, pray let me goe quoth she.
I am glad quoth *I*, that you haue found your tongue,
And still my Loue *I* by the finger wroongs.
I askt her if she lou'd me, she said no,
I bad her sweare, she strait calls for a booke :
Nay then thought *I*, tis time to let her goe,
I easde my knee, and from her cast a looke,
She leaues me wondring at these strange affaires,
And like the wind she trips me vp the staires.
I left the roome below and vp *I* went,
Finding her throwne vpon her wanton bed :
I askt the cause of her sad discontent,
Further she lies, and making roome she fed,
Now sweeting kisse me, hauing time and place :
So clings me too her with a sweet imbrace.

Ans. Ist possible, *I* had not thought till now
That women could dissemble. *M. Fuller*
Here dwels the sacred mistress of my hart,
Before her doore he frame a friuolous walke,
And spying her, with her devise some talke.

*Enter as out of the house, Mr. Arthur, Mistress Arthur, old
Arthur, old Lufam, young Lufam, Pipkin, and the rest.*

Full. What stir is this, lets step but out the way
And heare the vtmost what these people say. *Old Ar.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Old Ar. Thou art a knaue, although thou be my sonne,
Haue I with care and trouble brought thee vp,
To be a staffe and comfort to my age,
A Pillar to support me, and a Crutch
To leane on in my second infancie,
And doest thou vse me thus? thou art a knaue.

Old Lu. A knaue, I mary, and an arrant knaue:
And sirra, by old M. *Arthurs* leaue,
Though I be weake and old, Ile proue thee bne.

Yong Ar. Sir, though it be my fathers pleasure thus
To wrong me with the scorned name of knaue,
I will not haue you so familiar,
Nor so presume vpon my patience.

Old Lu. Speake M. *Arthur*, is he not a knaue?

Old Ar. I say he is a knaue.

Old Lu. Then so say I.

Yong Ar. My Father may commaund my patience,
But you sir that are but my Father in lawe,
Shall not so mock my reputation,
Sir you shall finde I am an honest man.

Old Lu. An honest man.

Yong Ar. I, sir, so I say.

Old Lu. Nay if you say so, Ile not be against it,
But sir you might haue vsde my daughter better,
Then to haue beat her, spurnd her, raild at her
Before our faces.

Old Ar. I therein sonne *Arthur*,
Thou shewdst thy selfe no better then a knaue.

Old Lu. I mary did he, I will stand to it,
To vse my honest daughter in such sort,
He shewd himselfe no better then a knaue.

Yong Ar. I say againe I am an honest man,
He wrongs me that shall say the contrary.

Old Lu. I graunt sir that you are an honest man,

Not

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Nor will I say ynto the contray.

But wherfore do you vse my daughter thus?

Can you accuse her of inchaſtitie,
Of looſe demeanor, diſobedience, or diſloialtie?

Speak what thou canſt thou obieſt againſt my daughter.

Old Ar. Accuſe her, here ſhe ſtands, ſpit in her face
If ſhe be guiltie in the leaſt of theſe.

Mis. Ar. O Father be more patient, if you wrong
My honeſt husband, all the blame be mine,
Be cauſe you do it only for my ſake.

I am his hand-maid, ſince it is his pleaſure
To vse me thus, I am content therewith,
And beare his checks and croſſes patiently.

Young Ar. If in mine owne houſe I can haue no
Ile ſeek it elſewhere, and frequent it leſſe. (place,
Father I am now paſt one and twentie yeares,
I am paſt my Fathers pampring, I ſuck not:
Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:
Then if you were my Father twentie times,
You ſhall not chuſe but let me be my ſelfe.
Do I come home ſo ſildome, and that ſildome
Am I thus baited? Wife remember this.

Father farewell, and Father in law adieu:

Your ſonne had rather faſt, then feaſt with you. (*Exit.*

Old Ar. Well goe too wild oates, ſpend thrift, prodigall,
Ile croſſe thy name quite from my reckoning booke:

For theſe accounts, faith it ſhall ſkathe thee ſomewhat,
I will not ſay what ſomewhat it ſhall be.

Old Lu. And it ſhall ſkathe him ſomewhat of my purſe,
And daughter I will take thee home againe,
Since thus he hates thy fellowſhip,
Be ſuch an eye-ſore to his ſight no more,
I tell thee thou no more ſhalt trouble him. (*ther?*

Mis. Ar. Wil you diuorce whom God hath tied toge-

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Or breake that knot the sacred hand of heauen
Made fast betwixt vs: Haue you neuer read
What a great curse was laid vpon his head
That breakes the holy band of mariage,
Diuorsing husbands from their chosen wiues?
Father I will not leaue my *Arthur* so,
Not all my friends can make me proue his foe.

Old Ar. I could say somewhat in my sonnes reproofe.

Old Lu. Faith so could I.

Old Ar. But till I meet him I will let it passe.

Old Lu. Faith so will I.

Old Ar. Daughter farewell, with weeping eyes I part,
Witnesse these teares, thy grieve sits neare my hart.

Old Lu. Weepes *M. Arthur*, nay then let me crie:
His cheekes shall not be wet, and mine be drie. (*Exeunt.*)

Mist. Ar. Fathers farewell, spend not a teare for me:
But for my husbands sake let these woes be.

For when I weep, tis not for my owne care,
But feare least folly bring him to dispaire.

Ton. Lu. Sweet Saint continue still this patience,
For time will bring him to true penitence.
Mirror of vertue, thanks for my good cheere,
A thousand thanks.

Mist. Ar. It is so much too deere,
But you are welcome for my husbands sake,
His guests shall haue best welcome I can make. (*Mon.*)

Ton. Lu. Then mariage, nothing in the world more com.
Nothing more rare then such a vertuous woman! (*Exit.*)

Mist. Ar. My husband in this humor, well I know
Pfaies but the vnthrift, therefore it beloues me
To be the better huswife here at home,
To saue and get, whilst he doth laugh and spend:
Though for himselfe he riuers it at large,
My needle shall defray my households charge.

Fin. Now

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Ful. Now M. *Anselme* to her, step nor backe,
Bustle your selfe, see where she sits at worke:
Be not afraid man, shee's but a woman,
And wemen, the most Cowards sildome feare:
Thinke but vpon my former principles,
And twentie pound to a dreame you speed.

Ans. I, say you so?

Ful. Beware of blushing sirra,
Off feare and too much eloquence:
Raile on her husband his misusing her,
And make that serue thee as an argument,
That she may sooner yeeld to do him wrong:
Were it my case, my Loue and I to plead,
I ha'n't at fingers ends, who could misse the clout
Hauing so faire a white, such steddye aime,
This is the vpshot, now bid for the game.

Ans. Faire Mistris God saue you.

Ful. What a circumstance doth he begin with, what an
To tell her at the first that she was faire? (Alas he
The only meanes to make her to be coy:
He should haue rather told her she was fowle,
And brought her out of loue quite with her selfe:
And being so, she would the lesse haue car'd
Vpon whose secrets she had laid her loue:
He hath almost mard all with that word faire.

Ans. Mistris God saue you.

Ful. What a block is that
To say God saue you, is the fellow mad,
Once to name God in his vngodly sute?

Mis. Ar. You are welcome sir. Come you to speak with
Or with my husband, pray you whats your will? (me,

Ful. She answeres to the purpote, whats your will?
O zoanes that I were there to answer her.

Ans. Mistris my will is not so soone exprest,

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Without your speciall fauour, and the promise
Of loue and pardon if I speake amisse.

Ful. O Assie, ô Duns, ô blockhead that hath left
The plaine broad hie way, and the readiest path
To trauell round about by circumstance:
He might haue told his meaning in a word,
And now hath lost his opportunitie:
Neuer was such a trewant in Loues schoole,
I am asham'd that ere I was his Tutor.

Mis.Ar. Sir you may freely speak what ere it be,
So that your speech suteth with modestie.

Ful. To this now could I answer passing well.

Ans. Mistris I pitying that so faire a creature.

Ful. Still faire, and yet I warnd the contrary.

Ans. Should by a villen be so fowly wile as you haue.

Ful. I that was well put in, (bene.

If time and place were both conuenient.

Ans. Haue made this bold intrusion to present
My loue and seruice to your sacred selfe.

Ful. Indifferent, that was not much amisse.

Mis.Ar. Sir, what you meane by seruice and by loue
I will not know: but what you meane by villaine
I faine would know.

Ans. That villaine is your husband:
Whose wrōgs towards you, are bruted thorow the land:
O can you suffer at a Peasants hands
Vnworthy once to tuch this silken skin,
To be so rudely beate and buffeted?
Can you endure from such infectuous breath
Able to blast your beautie, to haue names
Of such impoisoned hate stung in your face?

Ful. O that was good, nothing was good but that:
That was the lesson that I taught him last.

Ans. O can you heare your neuer tainted fame

Wounded

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Wounded with words of shame and infamie ?

O can you see your pleasures dealt away,

And you to be debard all part of them,

And bury it in deepe obliuion ?

Shall your true right be still contributed

Mongst hungry Bawds, insatiable Curtizans ?

And can you loue that villain by whose deed

Your soule doth sigh, & your distrest hart bleed ?

Ful. All this as well as I could wish my selfe.

Mis. Ar. Sir I haue heard thus lōg with patiēce,

If it be me you terme a villaines wife,

Insooth you haue mistooke me all this while,

And neither know my husband nor my selfe,

Or else you know not man and wife is one :

If he be cald a villaine, what is she

Whose hart, and loue, & soule, is one with him ?

Tis pittie that so faire a Gentleman

Should fall into such villaines company.

Oh sir take heed, if you regard your life,

Meddle not with a villaine, or his wife. *Exit.*

Ful. O that same word villain hath mard all.

An. Now where is your instructiō ? wheres the wench ?

Where are my hopes ? where your directions ?

Ful. Why man, in that word villain you mard all.

To come vnto an goneft wife and call

Her husband villaine, were she nere so bad,

Thou mightst well think she wold not brooke that name

For her owne credit, though no loue to him.

But leaue not thus, but trie some other meane,

Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate cleane.

Ans. I must persist my Loue against my will,

He that knows all things, knowes I proue this ill. (*Exeūt.*)

Enter Aminadab with a rod in his hand, and two or three

Boyes with their bookes in their hands.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Ami. Come boyes, come boyes, rehearse your parts
And then *ad prandium tam iam incipe.*

1. Boy. Forsooth my lesson torne out of my booke.

Ami. *Que caceris Chartis deseruisse decet,*
Torne from your booke, Ile teare it from your breech.
How say you, Mistris *Virga*, will you suffer
Hic puer bone indolu, to teare
His Lessons, leaues and Lectures from his booke?

1. Boy. Truly forsooth I laid it in my seate
While *Robin Glade* and I went into *Campus*:
And when I came againe my booke was torne.

Ami. O *mus* a Mouse, was euer heard the like?

1. Boy. O *domus* a house, M. I could nor mend it.

2. Boy. O *pediculus* a Louse, I knew not how it came.

Ami. All toward boyes, good schollers of their times,
The least of these is past his Accidence,
Some at *Qui mihi*, here's not a boy
But he can conster all the Gramer Rules,
Sed ubi sunt soledes, not yet come:
Those *tarde vementes*, shall be whipt.
Vbi est Pipkin, where's that laizie knaue?
He plaies the Truant euery Saterday:
But Mistris *Virga*, Ladie *Willowby*,
Shall teach him that *Dilucoli surgere*,
Est saluberrimum, here comes the knaue.

Enter Pipkin.

1. Boy. *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

2. Boy. *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

Ami. *Huc ades Pipkin*, reach a better rod,
Cur tam tarde vemo, speake, where haue you bin?
Is this a time of day to come to schoole?
Vbi finisti, speake, where hast thou bin?

Pip. *Magister, quomodo vales.*

Ami. Is that *responsio* fitting my demaund?

Pip.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Pip. Etiam certe, you aske me where I haue bin, and I say *Quomodo vales*, as much to say, come out of the alehouse.

Ami. Vntruffe, vntruffe, nay helpe him, helpe him.

Pip. *Queso preceptor*, *queso*? for Gods sake do not whip *Quide est gramatica*? (me :

Ami. Not whip you, *Quide est gramatica*, whats that?

Pip. *Gramatica est*, that if I vntruff, you must needs whip me vpon them, *quide est gramatica*.

Ami. Why then *dic mihi*, speak, where hast thou bin?

Pip. Forsooth my mistris sent me of an errant to fetch my M. from the Exchange, we had straungers at home at dinner, and but for them I had not come *tarde queso pre-*

Ami. Conster your lesson, pearce it, *ad vngem* (ceptor. *Et condemnato*, to Ile pardon thee.

Pip. That I wil M. and if you legiue me leaue. (*expone.*

Ami. *Propria q; maribus tribuuntur* Mascula dicas *expone*,

Pip. Cõster it M. I wil, *Dicas* they say, *Propria* the proper man; *que maribus*, that loues mary-bones, *mascula*, mil-

Ami. A prety queint & new construction. (cald me.

Pip. I warrant you M. if there be mary-bones in my lesson, I am an old dog at them. How conster you this M. *Rostra disertus amat*?

Ami. *Disertus* a disert, *amat* doth loue, *rostra*, rostmeat.

Pip. A good construction on an emptie stomacke; M. now I haue consterd my lesson; my mistrisse would pray you to let me come home to goe of an errand.

Ami. Your *tres sequuntur*, and away.

Pip. *Canis* a hog; *rana* a dog, *Porcus* a Frog; *Abeundum est mihi*.

Makes a lerge, and Exit.

Ami. Yours sera to then, and *ad prandium*.

1. Boy. *Apis* a bed, *genu* a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor Deo 2. *Figinti minks vsus est mihi*.

Ami. By *Iunos* lip, and *Saturnes* dumbe, *It was bonus, bona, bonum.* 2. Boy.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

2. Boy. *Vitrum glasse, spica grasse, tu es Asinus*, you are an Ass, *Precor tibi felicem noctem*.

Ami. *Claudite iam libros pueri sat prate bibistis*,
Looke when you come againe, you tell me *Vbi fuistis*.
He that minds trish trash, & wil not haue care of his *rodix*,
He I wil belish lash, and haue a fling at his *podix*.

Enter yong Arthur.

Yong Ar. A pretie wench, a passing pretie wench,
A sweeter duck all London cannot yeeld,
She cast a glaunce on me as I past by,
Not *Hellen* had so rauishing an eye.
Here is the Pedant Sir *Aminadab*,
I wil enquire of him if he can tell
By any circumstance whose wife she :
Such fellowes commonly haue entercourse
Without suspition, where we are debard.
God saue you gentle Sir *Aminadab*.

Ami. *Salve tu quoq;*, would you speak with me ?
You are I take it, and let me not lie,
For as you know, *Mentiri non est meum*,
Yong M. Arthur, *quid vis*, what will you ?

Yong Ar. You are a man I much relie vpon :
There is a pretie wench dwels in this street,
That keeps no shop, nor is not publike knowne :
At the two postes, next turning of the Lane,
I saw her from a window looking out :
O could you tell me how to come acquainted
With that sweet Lasse, you should command me
Euen to the vtmost of my life and power. (sir,

Ami. *Dij boni, boni*, tis my Loue he meanes,
But I will keep it from this Gentleman,
And so I hope make triall of my Loue.

Yon. Ar. If I obtain her, thou shalt win thereby,
More then at this time I will promise thee.

Ami.

how to chuse a good wife from a bad.

Ami. *Quando venis apud,* I shall haue two horns on my
Caput.

Yon. Ar. What if her husband come & find one there?

Ami. *Nuncquam,* time neuer feare,
She is vnmarried I sweare.

But if I helpe you to the deed,
Tu vis narrare, how you speed.

Yong Ar. Tell how I speed, I sir I will to you
Then presently about it. Many thanks
For this great kindnes Sir *Aminadab.*

Ami. If my *Puella* proue a drab
Ile be reuengd on both: *ambo* shall die,
Shall die by what, for *ego* I
Haueneuer handled I thanke God,
Other weapon then a rod:
I dare not fight for all my speeches,
Sed caue, if I take him thus

Ego sum expert at vntrusse. *(Exeunt.)*

*Enter Iustice Reason, old Arthur, old Lufam, Mistris
Arthur, yong Lufam, and Hugh.*

Old Ar. We Maister Iustice Reason come about
A serious matter that concernes vs neare.

Old Lu. I mary doth it sir concerne vs neare:
Would God sir you would take some order for it.

Old Ar. Why looke ye M. *Lufam,* you are such another
You will be talking, what concernes vs neare,
And know not why we come to M. Iustice.

Old Lu. How, know not I?

Old Ar. No sir not you.

Old Lu. Well I know somewhat, though I know not
Then on I pray you. *(that,*

Mistris. Forward I pray, yet the case is plaine.

Old Ar. Why sir as yet you do not know the case.

Old Lu. Well he knows somewhat, forward M. *Arthur.*

D

old Ar.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Old Ar. And as I told you, my vnruely sonne
Once hauing bid his wife home to my house,
There tooke occasion to be much agreeu'd
About some houldhold matters of his owne,
And in plaine termes they fell in controuersie.

Ol. Lu. Tis true sir, I was there the selfsame time,
And I remember many of the words.

old Ar. Lord what a man are you, you were not there
That time, as I remember you were rid
Downe to the North, to see some friends of yours.

old Lu. Well I was somewhere, forward *M. Arthur.*

Iust. All this is well, no fault is to be found
In either of the parties, pray say on.

old Ar. Why sir I haue not nam'd the parties yet,
Nor tucht the fault that is complaind vpon.

old Lu. Wel you tucht somewhat: forward *M. Arthur.*

old Ar. And as I said, they fell in controuersie:
My sonne not like a husband gaue her words
Of great reproofe, despight, and contumely:
Which she poore soule digested patiently:
This was the first time of their falling out.

As I remember at the selfe same time
One *Thomas* the Earle of *Surreys* gentleman
Dinde at my table.

old Lu. O I knew him well.

old Ar. You are the strangest man, this gentle-
That I speak of, I am sure you neuer saw, (man
He came but lately from beyond the sea. (sir.

old Lu. I am sure I know one *Thomas* forward

Iust. And is this all? make me a *M. Arthur.*
And send the offender straitwaies to the gaile.

old Ar. First know the offender, how began the strife
Betwixt this gentlewoman and my sonne,
Since when sir he hath vsde her not like one

That

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

That should partake his bed, but like a slaue.

My comming was, that you being in office

And in authoritie, should call before you

My vnthrif sonne, to giue him some aduise,

Which he will take better from you, then me

That am his Father. Heer's the gentlewoman

Wife to my sonne, and daughter to this man,

Whom I perforce compelled to liue with vs.

Iust. All this is wel, here is your sonne you say,

But she that is his wife you cannot finde.

Tong Lu. You do mistake sir, heer's the gentlewoman,
It is her husband that will not be found.

Iust. VVell all is one, for man and wife are one,
But is this all?

Tong Lu. I all that you can say,

And much more then you can well put off.

Iust. Nay if the case appeare thus euident,

Giue me a cup of wine, what man and wife

To disagree, I prethee fill my cup:

I could say somewhat, tut, tut, by this wine,

I promise you, tis good Canary Sack.

Mis. Ar. Fathers you do me open violence

To bring my name in question, and produce

This gentleman and others here to witnesse

My husbands shame in open audience:

VVhat may my husband thinke when he shall

I went vnto the Iustice to complaine: (know

But M. Iustice here more wise then you,

Saies little to the matter, knowing well

His office is no whit concern'd herein:

Therefore with fauour I will take my leaue.

Iust. The woman saith but reason M. Arthur,

And therefore giue her licence to depart.

Old Lu. Here is drie Iustice not to bid vs drink,

A pleasant corrected Comedie

Harke thee my friend, I prethee lend thy cup:
Now M. Iustice heare me but one word,
You thinke this woman hath had little wrong?
But by this wine which I intend to drinke.

Iust. Nay saue your oath, I pray you do not sweare,
Or if you sweare, take not too deepe an oath.

Old Lu. Content you, I may take a lawfull oath
Before a Iustice: therefore by this wine.

Yon. Lu. A profound oath, wel sworne, & deeply tooke,
Tis better thus, then swearing on a booke.

Old Lu. My daughter hath bin wrongd exceedingly.

Iust. O sir, I would haue credited these words
Without this oath: but bring your daughter hither,
That I may giue her counsell ere you goe.

Old Lu. Mary Gods blessing on your heart for that,
Daughter giue eare to Iustice *Reasons* words.

Iust. Good woman, or good wife, or Mistresse, if you
haue done amisse, it should seeme you haue done a fault;
and making a fault, theres no questio but you haue done
amisse: but if you walke vprightly, and neither lead to the
right hand nor the left, no question but you haue neither
led to the right hand nor the left, but as a man should say,
walked vprightly: but it should appeare by these plain-
tiffes, that you haue had some wrong. If you loue your
spouse intiely, it should seeme you affect him feruently,
and if he hate you monstrously, it should seeme he loaths
you most exceedingly: and theres the point, at which
I will leaue, for the time passes away: therefore to con-
clude, this is my best counsell, looke that thy husband so
fall in, that hereafter you neuer fall out.

Old Lu. Good counsell, passing good instruction,
Follow it daughter. Now I promise you,
I haue not heard such an Oration
This many a day: what remains to doo?

Yong Lu.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Yon. Lu. Sir I was cald as witnesse to this matter,
I may be gone for ought that I can see.

Iust. Nay staie my friend, we must examine you,
What can you say concerning this debate
Betwixt yong M. *Arthur* and his wife?

Yong Lu. Faith iust as much I thinke as you can say
And thats iust nothing.

Iust. How nothing? come depose him, take his oath,
Swear him I say, take his confession.

Old Ar. What can you say fir in this doubtfull case?

Yong Lu. Why nothing fir.

Iust. We cannot take him in contrary tales;
For he saies nothing still, and that same nothing
Is that which we haue stood on all this while:
He hath confeste euen all, for all is nothing.
This is your witnesse, he hath witnest nothing.
Since nothing then so plainly is confest,
And we-by cunning answeres and by wit
Haue wrought him to confesse nothing to vs,
Write his confession.

Old Ar. Why what should we write?

Iust. Why nothing: heard you not as wel as I,
What he confest? I say write nothing downe.
Mistris we haue dismiss you, loue your husband,
Which whilst you do, you shall not hate your husband:
Bring him before me, I will vrge him with
This Gentlemans expresse confession
Against you: send him to me, Ile not faile
To keepe iust nothing in my memorie.
And fir now that we haue examined you,
We likewise here discharge you with good leaue.
Now M. *Arthur*, and M. *Lusan* too,
Come in with me, vnlesse the man were here
Whom most especially the cause concernes.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

We cannot end this quarrell : but come neere,
And we will taste a glasse of our March beere. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Mistris Mary, Mistris Splay, and Brabo.

Ma. I prethee tell me *Brabo*, what Planet thinkst thou
gouerned at my conception, that I liue thus openly to the
world?

Bra. Two Planets rained at once, *Venus* that's you,
And *Mars* that's I, were in coniunction.

Splay. Prethee, prethee, in faith that coniunction co-
pulatiue, is that part of speech that I liue by.

Bra. Ha, ha, to see the world, we swaggerers
That liue by oathes and big-mouth'd menaces,
Are now reputed for the tallest men:
He that hath now a black muchato
Reaching from eare to eare, or turning vp
Puncto reuerse, bristling towards the eye:

He that can hang two handsome tooles at his side,
Go in disguise attire, weare Iron enough,
Is held a tall man and a souldier.

He that with greatest grace can sweare gogs
Or in a Tauerne make a drunkens fray,

Can chear at Dice, swagger in bawdie houses,
Weare velvet on his face, and with a grace

Can face ibout with as I am a souldier.
He that can clap his sword vpon the boord

Hee's a braue man, and such a man am I.

Ma. She that with kisses can both kil & cure,
That liues by loue, that sweares by nothing else

But by a kisse, which is no common oath:
That liues by lying, and yet oft tels truth;

That takes most pleasure when she takes most paines:
Shee's a good wench, my boy, and such am I.

Splay. She that is past it, and praies for them that may.

Bra. Is an old Bawd as you are *Mistris Splay.*

Splay.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Splay. O do not name that name, do you not know
That I could neuer endure to heare that name.
But if your man would leaue vs, I would read
The lesson that last night I promist you.

Ma. I prethee leaue vs, we would be alone.

Bra. And will and must: if you bid me be gone,
I will withdraw, and draw on any he
That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me.

Mistress farewell, to none I neuer speake
So kind a word. My salutations are,
Farewell and be hangd, or in the diuels name.

What they haue bene my many fraies can tell,
You cannot fight, therefore to you farwell. (*Exit. tion.*)

Ma. O this same swaggerer is the bulwark of my reputa-
But Mistress *Splay*, now to your lecture that you promist

Splay. Daughter attend, for I will tell thee now
What in my yong daies I my selfe haue tried:
Be rul'd by me and I will make thee rich.

You God be praisde are faire, and as they say
Full of good parts, you haue bene often tried
To be a woman of good carriage,
Which in my mind is very commendable.

Ma. It is indeed. Forward good mother *Splay*.

Splay. And as I told you, being faire, I wish
Sweet daughter you were as fortunate.

When any sutor comes to aske thy loue,
Looke not into his words, but into his sleue;
If thou canst learne what language his purse speakes,
Be rul'd by that, thats golden eloquence.

Many can make a flauering tongue speake plainer
If he that loues thee be deform'd and rich,
Accept his loue, gold hides deformitie.

Gold can make limping *Pulcin* walke vpright,

Make squint eyes looke strait, a crabd face looke smooth,
Guilds

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Guilts Copernoses, makes them looke like golde
Fils ages wrinkles vp, and makes a face
As old as *Nestors*, looke as yong as *Cupids*.
If thou wilt arme thy selfe against all shifts,
Regard all men according to their gifts.
This if thou practise, thou when I am dead
Wilt say old mother *Splay* soft laid thy head.

Enter yong Arthur.

Ma. Soft who comes here? begone good Mistris *Splay*,
Of thy rules practise this is my first day.

Splay. God for thy passion what a beast am I,
To scar the bird that to the net would flie. *Exit.*

Tong Ar. By your leaue Mistrisse.

Ma. VVhat to do Maister?

Tong Ar. To give me leaue to loue you.

Ma. I had rather afford you some loue to leaue me.

Tong Ar. I would you would assoone loue me, as I could

Ma. I pray you what are you sir? (leaue you.)

Tong Ar. A man Ile assure you.

Ma. How should I know that?

Tong Ar. Tric me by my word, for I say I am a man,
Or by my deed, Ile proue my selfe a man.

Ma. Are you not Maister *Arthur*?

Tong Ar. Not M. *Arthur*, but *Arthur*, and your seruant
sweete Mistris *Mary*.

Ma. Not Mistris *Mary*, but *Mary* and your handmaid,
sweet Maister *Arthur*.

Tong Ar. That I loue you, let my face tell you: that I
loue you more then ordinarily, let this kisse testifie: and
that I loue you feruently and entierly, aske this gift, and
see what it will answere you. My selfe, my purse, and all
being wholly at your seruice.

Ma. That I take your loue in good part, my thanks
shall speak for me: that I am pleased with your kisse, this
interest

how to chuse a good wife from a bad.

interest of an other shall certifie you : and that I accept
your gift, my prostrate seruice and selfe shall witnes with
me. My loue, my lips, and sweet selfe, are at your seruice:
wilt please you to come neare sir?

Yon. Lu. O that my wife were dead, here would I make
My second choise, would she were buried,
From out her graue this Marigold should grow,
Which in my nuptials I wold weare with pride.
Die shall shee, I haue doom'd her destenie.

Ma. Tis newes M. *Arthur* to see you in such a
How doth your wife? (place,

Yong Ar. Faith Mistris *Mary* at the point of death,
And long she cannot liue, she shall not liue
To trouble me in this my second choise.

Enter Aminadab with a bill and head-peece.

Ma. I pray forbear sir, for here comes my Loue,
Good sir for this time leaue me : by this kisse
You cannot aske the question at my hands
I will denie you : pray you get you gone.

Yong Ar. Farwell sweet Mistris *Mary.* (Exit.

Ma. Sweet adieu:

Ami. Stand to me bill, and head-peece sit thou close,
I heare my Loue, my wench, my duck, my deare,
Is sought by many sutors, but with this
Ile keep the doore, and enter he that dare.
Virga be gone, thy twigs Ile turne to Steele,
These fingers that were expert in the Ierke,
In steed of lashing of the trembling *podes*,
Must learne pash and knock, and beate and mall,
Cleauue pates, and *caputs* he that enters here
Comes on his death, *mors mort*, is he shall taste.

Ma. Alas poore foole, the Pedants mad for loue,
Thinke me more mad that I would marry him:
Hee's come to watch me with a rustie bill,

E

To

A pleasant conceited Comedie

To keep my friends away by force of armes,
I will not see him but stand still aside,
And here obserue him what he meanes to doo.

Ami. O *utinam*, that he that loues her best
Durst offer but to tuch her in this place.

Per Iehoua, & Iunonem hoc,
Shall pash his Coxcombe such a knock,
As that his soule his course shall take
To *Limbo*, and *Aueruus* lake.

In vaine I watch in this darke hole,
Would any liuing durst my manhood trie,
And offer to come vp the staires this way.

Ma. O we should see you make a goodly fray.

Ami. The wench I here watch with my bill,
Amo, amas, amauis still.

Qui audet let him come that dare,
Death, hell, and *Limbo* be his share.

Enter Brabo.

Bra. Wheres mistris *Mary*, neuer a post here,
A bar of Iron gainst which to trie my sword?
Now by my beard a daintie peece of steele.

Ami. O loue what a qualme is this I feele?

Bra. Come hither *Mall*, is none here but we two?
When didst thou see the starueling Schoole-maister?
That Rat, that shrimp, that spindlehanck, that Wren, that
sheep-biter, that leane chittiface, that famine, that leane
Enuy, that all bones, that bare Anatomy, that *Iack a Lent*,
that ghost, that shadow, that Moone in the waine.

Ami. I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.

Bra. When next I finde him here Ile hang him vp
Like a dried Sawfedge, in the Chimnies top:
That Stock-fish, that poore Iohn, that gut of men.

Ami. O that I were at home againe.

Bra. When he comes next turne him into the streets,
Now

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Now come lets dance the shaking of the sheets. *Exeunt.*

Ami. *Qui que quod*, hence boystrous bill, come gentle
Had not grim *Malkin* stamp and star'd, (Rod.
Aminadab had little car'd:

Or if instead of this browne bill,
I had kept my mistress *Virga* still,
And he vpon an others back,
His points vntrust, his breeches slack:
My countenance he should not dash,
For I am expert in the lash.

But my sweet Lasse my loue doth flie,
Which shall make me by poyson die.

Per fidem, I will rid my life,

Either by poyson, sword, or knife. *Exit.*

Enter Mistress Arthur, and Pipkin.

Mis.Ar. Sirra when saw you your Maister?

Pip. Faith Mistress when I last lookt vpon him.

Mis.Ar. And when was that?

Pip. When I beheld him.

Mis.Ar. And when was that?

Pip. Mary when he was in my sight, and that was yesterday, since when I saw not my maister, nor lookt on my M. nor beheld my maister, nor had any sight of my M.

Mis.Ar. Was he not at my father in lawes?

Pip. Yes mary was he.

Mis.Ar. Didst thou not intreat him to come home?

Pip. How should I mistress, he came not there to day.

Mis.Ar. Didst not thou say he was there?

Pip. True mistress he was there, but I did not tel ye whē,
He hath bin there diuers times, but not of late.

Mis.Ar. About your busines, here Ile sit and wait
His comming home, though it be nere so late.

Now once againe goe looke him at the Change,
Or at the Church with Sir *Aminadab*,

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Tis told me they vse often conference :

When that is done, get you to schoole againe.

Pip. I had rather plaie the trewant at home, then goe seeke my M. at schoole : let me see what age am I, some foure & twentie, and how haue I profited, I was fīue yeare learning to crish Crosse from great A. and fīue yeare longer comming to F. I there I stucke some three yeare before I could come to q. and so in procelle of time I came to e perce e, and comperce, and tittle, then I got to a. e. i. o. u. after to our Father, and in the sixteenth yeare of my age, and the fīfteenth of my going to schoole, I am in good time gotten to a Nowne, by the same token there my hose went downe : then I got to a Verbe, there I began first to haue a beard : the I came to *Iste, ista, istud*, there my M. whipt me till he fetcht the blood, and so foorth : so that now I am come the greatest scholler in the schoole : for I am bigger then two or three of them. But I am gone, farewell mistresse. (Exit.)

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ful. Loue none at all, they will forswear themselves,
And when you vrge them with it, their replies
Are, that *Ioue* laughs at Louers periuries.

Ans. You told me of a Iest concerning that,
I prethee let me heare it.

Ful. That thou shalt.

My mistris in an humor had protested,
That aboue all the world she lou'd me best,
Saying with tutors she was oft molested,
And she had lodg'd her hart within my brest :
And sware (but me) both by her maske & fan,
She neuer would so much as name a man.
Not name a man quoth I, yet be aduise,
Not loue a man but me, let it be so :
You shall not think quoth she my thoughts disguise,

In

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

In flattring language, or dissembling show :
I say againe, and I know what I do,
I will not name a man aliue but you.
Into her house I came at vnaware,
Her backe was to me and I was not seene,
I stole behind her till I had her faire,
Then with my hands I closed both her eyne,
She blinded thus, beginneth to bethinke her
Which of her Loues it was that did hood-winck
First she begins to guesse & name a man (her,
That I well knew, but she had knowne far better.
The next I neuer did suspect till than :
Still of my name I could not heare a letter,
Then mad, she did name *Robin*, and then *James*,
Till she had reckoned vp some twentie names,
At length when she had counted vp her score,
As one among the rest she hit on mee :
I askt her if she could not reckon more,
And pluckt away my hands to let her see.
But when she lookt back and saw me behind her
She blusht, and askt if it were I did blind her ?
And since I sware both by her maske and fan,
To trust no she tongue, that can name a man.

Ans. Your great oath hath some exceptions :
But to our former purpose, yon is Mistris *Arthur*,
We will attempt another kind of wooing,
And make her hate her husband if we can.

Ful. But not a word of passion or of loue.
Haue at her now to trie her patience,
God saue you mistris.

Mis. Ar. You are welcome sir.

Ful. I pray you wheres your husband ?

Yon. Ar. Not within.

Ans. Who M. *Arthur* ? him I saw euen now

A pleasant conceited Comedie

At mistris *Maries* the braue Curtizans.

Mis. Ar. Wrong not my husbands reputatiō so,
I neither can nor will belecue you sir.

Ful. Poore gentlewoman how much I pittie
Your husband is become her only guest: (you,
He lodges there, and daily diets there,
He riots, reuels, and doth all things,
Nay he is held the M. of misrule,
Mongst a most loathed and abhorred Crew:
And can you being a woman suffer this?

Mis. Ar. Sir, sir, I vnderstand you well inough,
Admit my husband doth frequent that house
Of such dishonest vsage, I suppose
He doth it but in zeale to bring them home
By his good counsell, from that course of sinne:
And like a Christian, seeing them astray
In the broad path that to damnation leades,
He vseth thither to direct their feete
Into the narrow way that guides to heauen.

Ans. Was euer woman guld so palpably?
But Mistris *Arthur* thinke you as you say?

Mis. Ar. Sir what I think I think, and what I say
I would I could enioyne you to belecue.

Ans. Faith mistris *Arthur* I am sory for you,
And in good sooth, I wish it laie in me
To remedie the least part of these wrongs
Your vnkind husband daily profers you.

Mis. Ar. You are deceiu'd he is not vnkind,
Although he beare an outward face of hate,
His hart and soule are both assured mine.

Ans. Fie mistris *Arthur*, take a better spirit,
Be not so timorous to rehearse your wrongs,
I say your husband haunts bad company,
Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton Curtizans.

There

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

There he defiles his bodie, stains his soule,
Consumes his wealth, vndoes himselfe and you,
In danger of diseases, whose vilde names
Are not for any honest mouthes to speake,
Nor any chaste eares to receiue and heare.
O he will bring that face admir'd for beautie,
To be more loathed then a leaprous skin :
Diuorce your selfe now whilst the clouds grow black,
Prepare your selfe a shelter for the storme,
Abandon his most loathed fellowship :
You are yong mistris, will you loose your youth ?

Mis. Ar. Tempt no more diuel, thy deformitie
Hath chaung'd it selfe into an angels shape,
But yet I know thee by thy course of speech :
Thou gets an apple to betray poore *Eue*,
Whose outside beares a show of pleasant fruite,
But the vilde branch on which this apple grew,
Was that which drew poore *Eue* from Paradise.
Thy Syrens song could make me drowne my selfe,
But I am tyed vnto the mast of truth.
Admit my husband be inclin'd to vice,
My vertues may in time recall him home,
But if we both should desp'rate runne to sinne,
We should abide certaine destruction.
But hee's like one that ouer a sweet face
Puts a deformed vizard for his soule,
Is free from any such intents of ill :
Only to try my patience, he puts on
An vgly shape of black intemperance.
Therefore this blot of shame which he now weares,
I with my praiers will purge, wash with teares.

Exit.

Ans. Fuller.

Ful. Anselme.

Ans.

Ans. How likst thou this?

Ful. As schoole-boyes Jerkes, Apes whips, as Lions
As Furies do fasting daies, and diuels crosses, (Cocks,
As maides to haue their mariage daies put off:
I like it as the thing *I* most do loath,
What wilt thou do? for shame persist no more
In this extremitie of friuolous loue.
I see my doctrine moues no precise cares,
But such as are profest inamoratos.

Ans. O *I* shall die.

Ful. Tush liue to laugh a little,
Here's the best subiect that thy loue affords,
Listen a while and heare this: hoboy speake.

Ami. As in presenti, thou loath'st the gift *I* sent thee,
Nolo plus tarrie but die, for the beautious marry,
Fain wold *I* die by a sword, but what sword shal *I* die by?
Or by a stone, what stone? *nullus lapis iacet ibi.* (vaines,
Knife *I* haue none to sheath in my brest, or emptie my full
Here is no wal or post which *I* can soile within my brus'd
braines.

First will *I* therefore say 2. or 3. Creedes and Auemaries,
And after goe buy a poison at the Apothecaries.

Ful. *I* prethee *Anselme* but obserue this fellow,
Doe'st not heare him? he would die for loue,
That mishapt loue thou wouldest condemne in him,
I see in thee, *I* prethee note him well.

Ans. Were *I* assur'd that *I* were such a Louer,
I should be with my selfe quite out of loue:
I prethee lets perswade him still to liue.

Ful. That were a dangerous case, perhaps the fellow
In desperation would to sooth vs vp,
Promise repentant recantation,
And after fall into that desperate course,
Both which *I* will preuent with policie.

Ami.

how to chuse a good wife from a bad.

Ami. O death come with thy dart, come death whē I bid
Mors veni mors, and from this misery rid mee. (thee,
She whom I lou'd, whom I lou'd, euē she my sweet pretie
Doth but flout & mock, & Iest, and dissimulary. (*Mary*,

Ful. Ile fit him finely: in this paper is
The Iuice of Mandrake, by a Doctor made
To cast a man whose leg should be cut off,
Into a deep, a cold and senceles sleepe,
Of such approued operation,
That who so takes it, is for twice twelue houres
Breathlesse, and to all mens iudgements past all sence:
This will I giue the pedant but in sport,
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,
The world will but esteeme it as a Iest:
Besides it may be a meanes to saue his life,
For being perfect poyson as it seemes,
His meaning is, some couetous slaue for coyne
Will sell it him, though it be held by lawe
To be no better then flat felonie.

Ans. Vphold the Iest, but he hath spied vs, peace.

Ami. Gentiles God saue you,
Here is a man I haue noted oft, most learned in Phyfick,
One man he helpt of the Cough, another he heald of the
And I will boord him thus: *Salve ô Salve Magister*. (tisick:

Ful. *Gratus mihi aduenis quid mecum vis.*

Ami. *Optatum venis paucis to volo.*

Ful. *Si quid industria nostra tibi faciet dic queso.*

Ami. Attend me sir, I haue a simple house,
But as the learned *Diogenes* saith
In his Epistle to *Tertullian*,
It is extremely troubled with great Ratts,
I haue no mus püsse nor grey eyde Cat
To hunt them out. O could your learned Art
Shew me a meanes how I might poyson them:

A pleasant corrected Comedie

Tum dum surs, sir Aminadab.

Ful. With all my hart, I am no Rat-catcher,
But if you need a poyson, here is that
Will pepper both your Dogs & Rats and Cats:
Nay spare your purse, I giue this in good will,
And as it proues I pray you send to me,
And let me know, wold you ought else with me?

Ani. Minime quidem, heer's that you say wil take them?
A thousand thanks sweet sir, I say to you.
As *Tully* in his *Æsops Fables* said,
Agetibi gratias, so farewell, *vale.* *Exit.*

Ful. Adiew. Come let vs goe, I long to see
What the cuent of this new Iest will bee.

Enter yong Arthur.

Yong Ar. Good morrow gentlemen, saw you not this
As you were walking, *Sir Aminadab?* *(way*

Ans. M. *Arthur* as I take it.

Yon. Ar. Sir the same.

Ans. Sir I desire you more familiar loue,
Would I could bid my selfe vnto your house,
For I haue wisht for your acquaintancelong.

Yon. Ar. Sweet M. *Anselme* I desire yours too:
Wil you come dine with me at home to morow,
You shall be welcome I assure you sir.

Ans. I feare sir I shall proue too bold a guest.

Yon. Ar. You shal be welcome if you bring your friend.

Ful. O Lord sir, we shall be too troublesome.

Yong Ar. Nay now I will inforce a promise from you,
Shall I expect you?

Ful. Yes with all my heart.

Ans. A thousand thanks. Yonders the schoolmaister.
So till to morrow twentie times farewell.

Yong Ar. I double all your farewels twentie fold.

Ans. O this acquaintance was well scrapte of me.

By

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

By this my Loue to morrow I shall see. *Exit.*

Ami. This poyson shall by force expell,
Amorem loue, *Infernum* hell.

Per hoc venenum ego I,

For my sweet louely Lasse will die.

Ton.Ar. What do I hear of poison, which sweet
Must make me a braue frolick widower? (means
It seemes the doting foole being forlorne
Hath got some compound mixture, in dispaire
To end his desperate fortunes and his life:
Ile get it from him, and with this make way
To my wiues night, and to my Loues faire day.

Ami. In *nomine domine*, friends farewell:
I know death comes here's such a smell.

Pater & mater, father and mother,

Frater & soror, sister and brother,

And my sweet Mary, not these drugges,

Do send me to the Infernall bugges,

But thy vnkindnesse, so adieu,

Hob-goblins now I come to you.

Ton.Ar. Hold man I say, what wil the mad man do?

I haue I got thee, thou shalt goe with me:

No more of that, fie Sir *Minadab*

Destroy your selfe: If I but heare hereafter

You practice such reuenge vpon your selfe,

All your friends shall know that for a wench,

A paltry wench, you would haue kild your selfe.

Ami. O *tace queso*, do not name

This frantick deed of mine for shame:

My sweet magister not a word,

Ile neither drowne me in a ford

Nor giue my necke such a scope,

To imbrace it with a hempen rope,

Ile die no way till nature will me,

A pleasant conceited Comedie

And death come with his dart and kill me.
If what is past you will conceale,
And nothing to the world reueale,
Nay as *Quintillian* said of yore,
Ile striue to kill my selfe no more.

Yong Ar. On that condition Ile conceale this
To morow pray come and dine with me: (deed,
For I haue many strangers, mongst the rest,
Some are desirous of your company.
You will not faile me?

Ami. No in sooth, Ile try the sharpnes of my
In steed of poyson, I will eate (tooth,
Rabets, Capons, and such meate :
And so as *Pithagoras* saies,
With wholesome fare prolong my daies.
But Sir will Mistris *Mall* be there?

Yon. Ar. She shall, she shall man neuer feare.

Ami. Then my spirit becomes stronger,
And I will liue and stretch longer:
For *Ouid* said, and did not lie,
That poysoned men do often die.
But poyson henceforth Ile not eate,
Whilst I can other victualls get :
To morow if you make a feast,
Be sure sir I will be your guest.
But keep my counsell, *vale tu*,
And till to morow sir adieu :
At your Table I will proue
If I can eate away my loue. *Exit.*

Yon. Ar. O I am glad I haue thee, now deuise
A way how to bestow it cunningly:
It shall be thus : to morow Ile pretend
A recocilement twixt my wife and me,
And to that end I will inuite thus many :

First :

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

First Iustice Reason, as the chiefe man there.

My Father Arther, old Lasam, yong Lasam, M.

And M. Anselme I haue bid alreadie. (Fuller,

Then will I haue my louely Mary too,

Be it but to spight my wife before she die:

For die she shall before to morrow night.

The operation of this poyson is

Not suddenly to kill, they that take it

Fall in a sleepe, and then tis past recure,

And this will I put in her Cup to morrow.

Enter Pipkin running.

Pip. This tis to haue such a Maister, I haue sought him at the Change, at the schoole, at euery place, but I cannot finde him no where. O cry mercy, my Mistris would in-treat you to come home.

Yon. Ar. I cannot come to night, some vrgent busines Will all this night imploy me other wise.

Pip. I belecue my Mistresse would con you as much thanke to do that businesse at home as abroad.

Yon. Ar. Here take my purse, and bid my wife prouide Good cheare against to morrow, there will be

Two or three strangers of my late acquaintance.

Sirra goe you to Iustice Reasons house,

Inuite him first with all solemnitie.

Goe to my Fathers, and my Father in lawes,

Here take this note.

The rest that come I will inuite my selfe,

About it with what quick dispatch thou canst.

Pip. I warrant you Maister Ile dispatch this businesse with more honestie, then youle dispatch yours. But Maister will the gentlewoman be there?

Yong Ar. What gentlewoman?

Pip. The gentlewoman of the old house, that is as well knowne by the colour shee laies of her chees, as an Ale-

house by the painting is laid of his Lettice : she that is like
Homo, Common to all men : she that is beholding to no
Trade, but liues of her selfe.

Yon.Ar. Sirra be gone, or I will send you hence.

Pip. Ile go, but by this hand Ile tell my Mistris as soone
as I come home, that Mistris light-heeles comes to dinner
to morrow.

Yon.Ar. Sweet Mistris *Mary* Ile inuite my selfe :
And there Ile frolick, sup, and spend the night.
My Plot is currant, here tis in my hand
Will make me happie in my second choyce,
And I may freely chalenge as mine owne,
What I am now infore't to seeke by stealth.
Loue is not much vnlike Ambition,
For in them both all lets must be remoued
Twixt euery Crowne & him that would aspire,
And he that will attempt to winne the same,
Must plunge vp to the depth ore head & eares,
And hazard drowning in that purple sea.
So he that loues, must needs through blood and fire,
And do all things to compasse his desire.

Enter Mistris Arthur and her Mayde.

Mis.Ar. Come spread the Table : Is the hall well rubd,
The cushions in the windowes neatly laid,
The Cupboord of plate set out, the Casements stuck
With Rosemary and Flowers, the Carpets brusht?

Mayd. I forsooth Mistris.

Mis. Looke to the kitchen Mayd, and bid the Cooke
take downe the Oven stone, the pies be burnt : here take
my keyes and giue him out more spice.

Mayd. Yes forsooth Mistris.

Mis.Ar. Where's that knaue *Pipkin*, bid him spred the
Fetch the cleane diaper napkins from my chest,
Scrount the guilded salt, and bid the fellow

Make

how to chuse a good wife from a bad

Make himsef handfome, get him a cleane band.

Mayd. Indeed forsooth Mistris he is such a slouen
That nothing will fit handsome about him,
He had a pound of sope to scowre his face,
And yet his brow lookes like the chimney stocke.

Mis.Ar. Heele be a slouen stil : Mayd take this Apron,
And bring me one of Linnen, quickly Mayd.

Mayd. I goe forsooth. *(Exit Mayd.)*

Mis.Ar. There was a curtsie, let me see't againe.
I that was well. I feare my guests will come
Ere we be readie, what a spight is this.

Within. Mistrisse.

Mis.Ar. What's the matter?

Within. Mistris I pray take *Pipkin* from the fire,
We cannot keepe his fingers from the rost.

Mis.Ar. Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that.
Fie, fie, neuer out of the kitchen,
Still broyling by the fire.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. I hope you will not take *Pipkin* from the fire
Till the broath be inough.

Enter Mayd with an Apron.

Mis.Ar. Well sirra get a Napkin and a Trencher
And wait to day. So let me see my Apron.

Pip. Mistris I can tell ye one thing, my M. wench
Will come home to day to dinner.

Enter Iustice Reason and his man.

Mis.Ar. She shall be welcome if she be his guest.
But heer's some of our guests are come alreadie,
A Chaire for *Iustice Reason* sirra. *(huswife,*

Iust. Good morrow Mistris *Arthur*, you are like a good
At your request I am come home, what a Chaire!
Thus age seekes ease : where is your husband Mistris?
What a cushion too!

Pip.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Pip. I pray you ease your taile Sir.

Iust. Mary and will good fellow, twentie thanks.

Pip. M. Hue as welcom as hart can tel, or tong can think.

Hu. I thank you M. *Pipkin*, I haue got many a good dish of broth by your meanes.

Pip. According to the aunciet Curtesie you are welcome : according to the time and place, you are hartily welcome : when they are busied at the boord, we will find our selues busied in the Buttrie: and so sweet *Hugh* according to our schollers phrase, *Gratulor aduentum tuum.*

Hu. I wil answer you with the like sweet *Pipkin*, *gratias.*

Pip. As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can good *Hugh*. But here comes more guests.

Enter old Arthur, and old Lufam.

Mis. Ar. More stooles & cushions for these gentlemen.

Old Ar. What M. Iustice *Reason*, are you here?

Who would haue thought to haue met you in this place?

Old Lu. What say mine eyes, is Iustice *Reason* here?
Mountaines may meet, and so I see may wee.

Iust. Well when men meete they meete,
And when they part, they oft leaue one anothers compa-
So we being met, are met. (ny:

Old Lu. Truly you say true :

And M. Iustice *Reason* speakes but reason.

To heare how wisely men of lawe will speake.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Good morrow gentlemen.

Mis. Ar. What are you there? (all,

Ar. Good morrow Mistris, and good morow

Iust. If I may be so bold in a strange place,
I say good morrow, and as much to you.

I pray gentlemen will you sit downe?

We haue bene yong like you, and if you liue
Vnto our age, you will be old like vs.

Ful.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Ful. Be rul'd by reason, but whose here?

Enter Aminadab.

Ami. Saluete omnes, and good day

To all at once, as I may say,

First Maister *Iustice*, next old *Arthur*,

That giues me pension by the quarter:

To my good Mistresse, and therest,

That are the founders of this feast.

In brieft I speake to omnes all,

That to their meate intend to fall.

Iust. Welcome Syr *Aminadab*, o my sonne

Hath profited exceeding well with you,

Sit downe, sit downe, by Mistris *Arthurs* leaue.

Enter young Arthur, young Lufam, and

Mistresse Marie.

Jon. Ar. Gentlemen, welcome all, whilst I deliuer

Their priuate welcomes, Wife be it your charge,

To giue this Gentlewoman entertainment.

Mis. Ar. Husband, I will: o this is she vsurpes

The precious interest of my Husbands loue:

Though as I am a woman, I could well

Thrust such a leaud companion out of doores,

Yet as I am a true obedient Wife,

I de kisse her feete to do my Husbands will.

You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,

Indeed you are, pray do not doubt of it. (nestie,

Mary. I thank you Mistris *Arthur*, now by my lide ho-

It much repents me to wrong so chaste a woman.

Jon. Ar. Gentles, put ore your legges, first M. *Iustice*,

Here you shall sit.

Iust. And here shall mistris *Arthur* sit by me.

Jon. Ar. Pardon me sir, she shall haue my wifes place.

Mis. Ar. Indeed you shall, for he will haue it so.

Mary. If you will needs, but I shall doo you wrong to

take your place.

G

Old Lu.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Old Lu. I by my taich you should.

Mis. Ar. That is no wrong which we impute no wrög,
I pray you sit.

Yong Ar. Gentlemen all, I pray you seate your selues:
What sir *Aminadab*, I know where your hart is.

Ami. Mum not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace:
Come gentiles I be of this messe.

Yong Ar. So, who giues thanks?

Ami. Sir that will I.

Yong Ar. I pray you too it by and by, where's
Wait at the boord, let *M. Reasons* man

(*Pipkin*,
Be had into the buttry, but first giue him
A napkin and a trencher. Well said *Hugh*,

Wait at your Maisters elbow, now say grace:

Ami. *Gloria deo*, sirs *proface*,

Attend me now whilst I say grace.

For bread and salt, for grapes and malt,

For flesh and fish, and euey dish:

Mutton and beefe, of all meates cheefe:

For Cow-heels, chitterlings, tripes and sowse,

And other meate thats in the house:

For racks, for brests, for legges, for loines,

For pies with raisons, and with proines:

For fritters, pancakes, and for frayes,

For venison pasties and mince pies:

Sheephead and garlick, brawne and mustard,

Wafers, spiced cakes, tart and custard,

For capons, rabbits, pigges and geese,

For apples, carawaies and cheefe:

For all these and many moe,

Benidicanus domino.

All. Amen.

Iust. I cony you thanks, but sir *Aminadab*,

Is that your scholler? now I promise you

He.

How to chuse a good wife from a bad.

He is a toward stripling of his age.

Pip. Who I forsooth, yes indeed forsooth I am his scholar, I would you should well thinke I haue profited vnder him too, you shall heare if he will pose me.

Old Ar. I pray you lets heare him.

Ami. *Huc ades Pipkin.*

Adsum.

Ami. *Quot Casus sunt*, how many Cases are there?

Pip. Mary a great many.

Ami. Well answered a great many, there are sixe,
Sixe a great many, tis well answered,
and which be they?

Pip. A Bow-case, a Cap-case, a Combe-case, a Lute-case, a Fidle-case, and a Candle-case.

Inst. I know them all, againe well answered:
Pray God my yongest boy profit no worse.

Ar. How many parsons are there?

Pip. Ile tell you as many as I know, if youle giue me leaue to reckon them.

Ansel. I prethee doo.

Pip. The Parson of *Fanchurch*, the Parson of *Pancridge*, and the Parson of.

Yong Ar. Well sir about your businesse: now will I Temper the Cup my loathed wife shall drinke: *Exit.*

Old Ar. Daughter me thinkes you are exceeding sad:

Old Lu. Faith daughter so thou art exceeding sad:

Mis: Ar. Tis but my countenance, for my hart is mery,
Mistris were you as merie as you are welcome,
You should not sit so sadlie as you do.

Ma. Tis but because I am seated in your place,
Which is frequented seldome with true mirth.

Mis: Ar. The fault is neither in the place nor me.

Ami. How say you Ladie to him you last did lie by?
All this is no more *prebibo tibi.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Mary. I thanke you sir, Mistris this draught shall be
To him that loues both you and me.

Mist. Ar. I know your meaning.

Ans. Now to me;
If she haue either loue or charitie.

Mist. Ar. Heare M. Iustice, this to your graue yeares,
A mournfull draught God wot, halfe wine, halfe teares.

Iust. Let come my wench, here youngsters, to you all,
Yo are silent, here's that will make you talke.
Wenches, me thinke you sit like Puritants;
Neuer a Ieast abroad to make them laugh.

Ful. Sir, since you moue speech of a Puritant,
If you will giue me audience, I will tell ye
As good a Ieast as euer you did heare.

Old Ar. A Ieast, thats excellent.

Iust. Before hand lets prepare our selues to laugh,
A Ieast is nothing if it be not grac'd:
Now, now, I pray you when begins this Ieast?

Ful. I came vnto a Puritant to wooe her,
And roughly did salute her with a kisser;
Away quoth she, and rudely pusht me fro her;
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this,
And still with amorous talke she was saluted,
My artlesse speech with scripture was confuted.

Old Lu. Good, good indeed, the best that ere I heard!

Old Ar. I promise you it was exceeding good.

Ful. Oft I frequented her abroad by night,
And courted her, and spake her wondrous faire;
But euer somewhat did offend her sight,
Either my double ruffe, or my long hayre:
My skarfe was vain, my garments hung too low,
My Spanish shooc was cut too broad at toe.

All. Ha, ha, the best that euer I heard.

Ful. I parted for that time, and came againe,

Seeming:

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Seeming to be conformed in looke and speech,
My shooes were sharpe toed, and my band was plaine,
Close to my thigh my metamorphis'd breech:
My cloake was narrow Capte, my haire cut shorter,
Off went my Skarfe, thus marcht I to the Porter.

All. Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?

Ful. The Porter spying me, did lead me in,
Where his faire mistress sat reading on a chapter:
Peace to this house quoth I, and those within,
Which holy speech with admiration wrapt her,
And euer as I spake, and came her nie,
Seeming diuine, turned up the white of eye.

Inst. So, so, what then, what then?

Old Lu. Forward, I pray forward sir.

Ful. I spake diuinely, and I call'd her sister,
And by this meanes we were acquainted well:
By yea and nay, I will quoth I, and kist her,
She blusht & said that long tongu'd men would
I seem'd to be as secret as the night, (tell,
And said, on sooth I would put out the light.

Old Ar. In sooth he would, a passing passing Jeast.

Ful. O do not sweare quoth she, yet put it out,
Because I would not haue you breake your oath.
I felt a bed there as I groapt about,
In troath quoth I, here will we rest vs both.
Sweare you, in troath quoth she, had you not sworne
I had not don't, but tooke it in soule forme,
Then you will come quoth I, though I be loath,
He come quoth she, be it but to keepe your oath.

Inst. Tis verie pretie, but now whens the Jeast?

Old Ar. O forward to the Jeast in any case.

Old Lu. I would not for angell loose the Jeast.

Ful. Heres right the dunghil Cock that finds a pearle,
To talke of wit to these, is as a man

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Should cast out Jewels to a heard of swine,
Why in the last words did consist the Feast.

Old Luf. I, in the last words: ha, ha, ha,
It was an excellent admired feast,
To them that vnderstood it.

Enter young Arthur, with a Cup of Wine.

Iust. It was indeed, I must for fashions sake
Say as they say, but otherwise, ô God.

Good M. *Arthur* thanks for our good cheare.

Ton. Ar. Gentlemē, welcome all, now heare me speak;
One speciall cause that mou'd me lead you hither,
Is for auncient grudge that hath long since
Continued twixt my modest wife and me,
The wrongs that I haue done her, I recant.
In either hand I hold a seuerall Cup,
This in the right hand, Wife I drinke to thee,
This in the left hand pledge me in this draught,
Burying all former hatred, so haue to thee. *He drinke.*

Mis. Ar. The welcom't pledge that yet I euer tooke:
Were this wine poyson, or did taste like gall,
The honey sweet condition of your draught,
Would make it drinke like Nectar, I will pledge you,
Were it the last that I should euer drinke.

Ton. Ar. Make that account; thus Gentlemen you see,
Our late discord brought to a vnitie.

Ami. *Ecce quam bonum & quam iucundum,
Est habitare fratres in unum.*

Old Ar. My heart doth tast the sweetnes of your pledge,
And I am glad to see this sweete accord.

Old Luf. Glad quotha, theres not one amongst vs,
But may be exceeding glad.

Iust. I am, I marrie am I, that I am.

Ton. Luf. The best accord that could betide their loues.

Ans. The worst accord that could betide my loue.

Ami.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

All about to rise.

Ami. What rising Gentles, keep your places,
Ile close vp your stomackes with a grace.

O Domine & Chare puter,

That giu'st vs wine in stead of water,

And from the Pond and Riuer cleere,

Mak'st nappie Ale and good March Beere,

That send'st vs sundry sorts of meate,

And euery thing we drinke or eate,

To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men,

Laus Deo sancte Amen.

Ton. Ar. So much good do ye all, and Gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better then your cheare.

Old Luf. Nay so we doo, Ile giue you thanks for all.

Come *M. Iustice*, you do walke our way,

And *M. Arthur*, and old *Hugh* your man,

Weele be the first will straine curtesie.

Iust. God be with you all.

Exeunt Old Arthur, Lufam, & Iustice.

Ami. *Propius ego sum*, Ile be the next,

And man you home, how say you Lady?

Ton. Ar. I pray you do, good sir *Aminadab*.

Mary. Syr, if it be not too much trouble to you,

Let me intreat that kindnesse at your hands.

Amina. Intreat, fie, no sweete Lasse commaund.

Sic so nunc, now take the vpper hand.

Hee mans her away.

Ton. Ar. Come wife, this meeting was all for our sakes,

I long to see the force my poyson takes.

Mis. Ar. My deare, deare husband, in exchange of hate,

My loue and heart shall on your seruice waite.

Exeunt Arthur his Wife.

Ans. So doth my loue on thee, but long no more,

To her rich loue, thy seruice is too poore.

Full.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Ful. For shame no more, you had best expostulate
Your loue with euery stranger, leaue these lighes,
And chaunge them to familiar conference.

Yong. Lus. Trust me the vertues of young *Arthurs* wife,
Her constancie, modest humilitie,
Her patience, and admired temperance,
Haue made me loue all women kinde the better.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O my mistris, my mistris, shees dead, shees gone,
shees dead, shees gone.

Ans. What's that he sayes? *(is fled,*

Pip. Out of my way, stand back I say, all ioy from earth
She is this day as cold as clay, my Mistris she is dead.

O Lord, my mistris, my mistris, *Exit.*

Ans. What mistris *Arthur* dead? my soule is vanisht,
And the worlds wonder from the world quite banisht.
O I am sicke, my paine growes worse and worse,
I am quite strooke thorow with this late discourse.

Ful. What faints thou man? le lead thee hence for shame,
Sound at the tydings of a womans death?
Intollerable, and beyond all thought,
Come my loues foole, giue me thy hand to lead,
This day one body and two hearts are dead. *Exeunt.*

Yong. Lus. But now she was as well as well might be,
And on the sudden dead, ioy in excelsse
Hath ouerrunne her poore disturbed soule.
He after and see how Maister *Arthur* takes it.
His former hate far more suspicious makes it. *Exit.*

Enter Hugh.

Hu. My M: hath left his gloues behind where he sat in
his chaire, and hath sent me to fetch them, it is such an old
snudge, he will not loose the dropping of his nose.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O Mistris, O *Hugh*, O *Hugh*, O Mistris, *Hugh* I must
needs

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunatike, I must fall vpon thee, my Mistris is dead.

Hu. O M. *Pipkin*, what do you meane, what do you meane M. *Pipkin*?

Pip. O *Hue*, o Mistris, o Mistris, o *Hue*.

Hu. O *Pipkin*, o God, o God, o *Pipkin*.

Pip. O *Hue*, I am mad, beare with me, I cannot chuse, o death, o Mistris, o Mistris, o death. *Exit.*

Hu. Death quotha, he hath almost made me dead with beating.

Enter Reason, old Arthur, and old Lufam.

Iust. I wonder why the knaue my man stayes thus, And comes not backe, see where the villaine loyters.

Enter Pipkin.

Bra. O M. *Iustice*, M. *Arthur*, M. *Lufam*, wonder not why I thus blow and bluster, my Mistris is dead, dead is my Mistris, and therefore hang your selues, o my Mistris, my Mistris. *Exit.*

Old Ar. My sonnes wife dead?

Old Luf. My daughter.

Enter young Arthur mourning.

Iust. Mistris *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

Tong Ar. O here the wofuls husband comes aliue, No husband now, the wight that did vphold That name of husband is now quite orethrowne, and I am left a haplesse Widower.

Old Ar. Faine would I speake, if griefe would suffer me.

Old Luf. As Maister *Arthur* sayes, so say I, If griefe would let me, I would weeping die, To be thus haplesse in my aged yeares, O I would speake, but my words melt to teares.

Tong Ar. Go in, go in, and view the sweetest Course That ere was laid vpon a mournfull roome, You cannot speake for weeping sorrowes doome.

100

H

Bad

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Badnewes are rise, good tidings sildome come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anselme.

An. What frantike humor doth thus haunt my sence,
Striuing to breed destruction in my spirit?
When I would sleepe, the ghost of my sweete loue,
Appeares vnto me in an angels shape,
When I am wake, my phantasie presents
As in a glasse, the shadow of my loue:
When I would speake, her name intrudes it selfe
Into the perfect ecchoes of my speech.
And though my thought beget some other word,
Yet will my tongue speake nothing but her name:
If I do meditate it is on her,
If dreame on her, or if discourse on her,
I thinke her ghost doth haunt me, as in times
Of former darknesse old wiues tales report,

Enter Fuller.

Here comes my bitter Genius, whose aduice
Directs me still in all my actions.

How now, from whence come you?

Ful. Faith from the street, in which as I past by,
I met the modest Mistris *Arthurs* Course:
And after her as mourners, first her husband,
Next Iustice *Reason*, then old M. *Arthur*,
Old M. *Lusam*, and young *Lusam* too,
With many other kinsfolks, neighbours, friends,
And others that lament her Funerall,
Her bodie is by this laid in the vault.

Anf. And in that vault my bodie I will lay,
I prithee leaue me, thither is my way.

Ful. I am sure you ieast, you meane not as you say.

Anf. No, no, Ile but go to the Church and pray.

Ful. Nay then we shall be troubled with your humor.

Anf. As euer thou didst loue me, or as euer

Thou

how to chuse a good wife from a bad

Thou didst delight in my societie,
By all the rights of friendship, and of loue,
Let me intreat thy absence but one houre,
And at the houres end I will come to thee.

Ful. Nay if you wil be foolish, and past reason,
Ile wash my hands like *Pilate*, from thy follie,
And suffer thee in these extremities.

Exit.

Ans. Now it is night, & the bright lamps of heauen
Are halfe burnt out, now bright *Adelbora*
Welcomes the cheerefull Day- star to the Fast,
And harmlesse stilnesse hath possesst the world.
This is the Church, this hollow is the Vault,
Where the dead bodie of my Saint remaines,
And this the Coffin that inshrines her bodie,
For her bright soule is now in paradise.
My comming is with no intent of sinne,
Or to defile the bodie of the dead,
But rather take my last farewell of her,
Or languishing and dying by her side.
My ayrie soule post after hers to heauen,
First with this latestt kisse I seale my loue.
Her lips are warme, and I am much deceiu'd
If that she stirre not: & this *Golgotha*,
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,
Presenting fearfull apparitions.

Mistresse Arthur in the Tombe.

It is some spirit that in the Coffin lies,
And makes my haire start vp an end with feare,
Come to thy selfe faint heart, she sits vpright,
O I would hide me, but I know not where;
Tush if it be a spirit, tis a good spirit,
For with her bodie liuing, ill she knew not,
And with her bodie dead, ill cannot meddle.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Mis. Ar. Who am I? or where am I?

Ans. O she speaks, and by her language now I know
she liues.

Mi. Ar. O who can tell me where I am become?
For in this darknes I haue lost my selfe,
I am not dead, for I haue sence and life,
How come I then in this Coffin buried?

Ans. *Anselme* be bold she liues, and *Destinie*
Hath trained thee hither to redeeme her life.

Mis. Ar. Liues any amongst these dead? none but my selfe.

Ans. O yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,
Liues and suruiues at your returne to life:
Nay start not, I am *Anselme*, one who long
Hath doted on your faire perfection,
And louing you more then became me well,
Was hither sent by some strange providence,
To bring you from these hollow vaults below,
To be a liuer in the world againe.

Mis. Ar. I vnderstand you, and I thanke the heauens,
That sent you to reuiue me from this feare,
And I embrace my safetie with good will.

Enter Aminadab with two or three boyes.

Ami. *Mane Citius lectum fuge mollem discute somnum,*
Templa petas supplex & venerarum deum. (pray,
Shake off thy sleepe, get vp betimes, go to the church and
And neuer feare, God wil thee heare, & keepe thee all the
Good counsel boyes, obserue it, make it well, (day.
This early rising, this diliculo,
Is good both for your bodies and your minds.
Tis not yet day, giue me my Tinder-box;
Mean time vnloose your satchels & your bookes,
Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes.

1. Boy. O Lord M. whats that in the white sheete?

Ami. In the white sheete my boy, *Dic ubi*, where?

Boy.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Boy. Vide Maister, vide illic there.

Ami. O Domine, Domine, keep vs from euill,
A charme from flesh, the world, & the diuell.

Exeunt running.

Mis. Ar. O tel me not my husband was ingrate,
Or that he did attempt to poyson me,
Or that he laid me here, and I was dead,
These are no meanes at all to win my loue.

Ans. Sweet Mistris, he bequath'd you to the earth,
You promis'd him to be his wife till death,
And you haue kept your promise, but now since
The world, your husband, & your friends suppose
That you are dead, grant me but one request,
And I will sweare neuer to sollicite more,
Your sacred thoughts to my dishonest loue.

Mis. Ar. So your demand may be no preiudise
To my chaste name, no wrong vnto my husband,
No sute that may concern my Wedlock breach,
I yeeld vnto it, but to passe the bands of modestie & cha-
First will I bequeath my selfe againe stie,
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,
Then taint my soule with blacke impuritie.

An. Take here my hand & faithfull hart to gage,
That I will neuer tempt you more to sinne:
This my request is, since your husband doates
Vpon a leaud lasciuious Curtezian,
Since he hath broke the bands of your chaste bed,
And like a murderer sent you to your graue,
Do burie with me to my mothers house,
There shall you liue in secret for a space,
Onely to see the end of such leaud lust,
And know the difference of a chaste wifes bed,
And one whose life is in all loosenesse led. (held,

Mis. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Mastron

Her counsell, conference, and companie,
May much auaille me, there a space lye stay,
Vpon condition as you said before,
You neuer will moue your vnchaste sute more.

An. My faith is pawnd, & neuer had chaste wife,
A husband of so leaud and vnchaste life. *Exeunt.*

Enter Marie Brabe, and Splay.

Bra. Mistris, I long haue seru'd you, euen since
These bristled hayres vpon my graue like chin
Were all vnborne: when I first came to you
These Infant feathers of these rauens wings,
Were not once begunne.

Spl. No indeed they were not.

Bra. Now in my two Muchatoes for a need,
Wanting a rope, I well could hang my selfe:
I prithe Mistris, for all my long seruice,
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,
Do me this fauour now to marry me.

Enter young Arthur.

Ma. Marry come vp you blockhead, you great asse,
What wouldst thou haue me marie with a diuel,
But peace, no more, here comes the silly foole
That we so long haue set our lime-twigs for,
Be gone, and leaue me to intangle him.

Young Ar. What Mistris Mary!

Ma. O good maister Arthur, where haue you bene this
weeke, this moneth, this yeare?
This yeare said I? where haue you bene this age?
Vnto a Louer every minute seemes time out of minde.
How should I thinke you loue me,
That can indure to stay so long from mee?

Young Ar. In faith sweet heart I saw thee yesternight.

Ma. I true, you did, but since you saw me not,
at twelue a clocke you parted from my house,

And

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

And now tis morning, and new stricken seuen.
Seuen houres thou staidst frō me, why didst thou so?
They are my seuen yeares Prentiship of woe.

Tong Ar. I prithe be patient, I had some occasion
That did inforce me from thee yesternight.

Ma. I you are soone inforc'd, foole that I am,
To dote on one that nought respecteth me:
Tis but my fortune, I am borne to beare it,
And euerie one shall haue their destinie.

Tong Ar. Nay weepe not wench, thou woundst mee
with thy teares.

Mary. I am a foole, and so you make me too,
These teares were better kept, then spent in waste,
On one that neither tenders them nor me:
What remedie, but if I chance to die,
Or to miscarrie with that I go withall,
Ile take my death that thou art cause thereof.
You told me, that when your wife was dead,
You would forsake all others, and take me.

Tong Ar. I told thee so, & I will keep my word,
and for that end I came thus early to thee:
I haue procur'd a licence, and this night
We will be married in a lawlesse Church: (case

Ma. These newes reuiue me, & do somewhat
The thought that was new gotten to my heart:
But shall it be to night?

Tong Ar. I wench, to night
A sennet and odde dayes since my wife died:
Is past alreadie, and her timelesse death,
Is but a nine daies talke, come go with me,
And it shall be dispatched presently.

Ma. Nay then I see thou louest me, & I finde
By this last mortō, thou art growne more kinde.

Tong Ar. My loue and kindnesse like my age shal grow,
and

A Pleasant conceited Comedie

and with the time increate, and thou shalt see,
The older I grow, the kinder I will bee.

Ma. I so I hope it will; but as for mine,
That with my age shall day by day decline.
Come, shall we goe?

Young Ar. With thee to the worlds end.
Whole beautie most admire, and all commend.

Exit.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

An. Tis true as I relate the circumstance,
and she is with my mother safe at home,
But yet for all the hate I can alledge
against her husband; nor for all the loud
That on my owne part I can vrge her too,
Will she be wonne to gratifie my loue;

Ful. All things are full of ambiguitie,
and I admire this wondrous accident.
But Anselme, *Arthur's* about a new wife, a *bona raba*,
How will she take it when she heares this newes?

An. I thinke euen as a vertuous Matron should;
It may be that report may from thy mouth
Beget some pittie from her flintie heart,
and I will vnrage her with it presently.

Ful. Vnlesse report be false, they are linked already.
They are fast as words can tie them: I will tell thee
How I by chance did meet him the last night.
One said to me, this *Arthur* did intend
To haue a wife, and presently to marrie:
Amidst the street I met him as my friend,
and to his Loue a present he did carrie.
It was some ring, some stomacher, or toy,
I spake to him, and bad God glue him ioy.
God giue me ioy, quoth he, of what I pray?
Marrie quoth I, your wedding that is toward.

Tis

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Tis false quoth he, & would haue gone his way.
Come, come, quoth I, so neare it, & so froward:
I vrg'd him hard by our familiar loues,
Pray'd him withall not to forget my gloues.
Then he began, your kindnesse hath bene great,
Your curtesie great, and your loue not common,
Yet so much fauour pray let me intreat,
To be excus'd from marrying any woman.
I knew the wench that is become his Bride,
And smil'd to thinke how deeply he had lide,
For first he swore he did not court a maide,
A wife he could not, she was else-where tied,
And as for such as widowes were, he said,
And deeply swore, none such shuld be his bride.
Widow, nor wife, nor maide, I askt no more,
Knowing he was betroth'd vnto a whore.

Enter Mistresse Arthur.

Ans. Is it not Mistris *Mary* that you meane,
She that did dine with vs at *Arthurs* house?

Ful. The same, the same, here comes the Gentlewoman,
Oh Mistris *Arthur*, I am of your counsell,
Welcome from death to life.

Ans. Mistris, this gentleman hath news to tel ye,
And as you like of it, so think of me.

Ful. Your husband hath alreadie got a wife,
A huffing wench yfaith, whose ruffling silkes,
Make with their motion, musicke vnto loue,
And you are quite forgotten.

Ans. I haue sworne to moue this my vnchaste demand
no more.

Ful. When doth your colour change?
When doth your eyes Sparkle with fire to reuenge these
wrongs?
When doth your tongue breake into rage and wra

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Against that scum of manhood, your vile husband,
He first misvde you.

Ans. And yet can you loue him?

Ful. He left your chaste bed, to defile the bed
Of sacred marriage with a Curtezan.

Ans. Yet can you loue him?

Ful. And not content with this,
Abus'd your honest name with staundrous words,
And filld your husht house with vniquietnesse.

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Ful. Nay did he not with his rude fingers dasth you on
the face,
And double dye your Corall lips with bloud?
Hath he not torne those Gold wyers from your head,
Wherewith *Apollo* would haue strung his Harpe,
And kept them to play musicke to the Gods?
Hath he not beate you, and with his rude fists,
Vpō that Crimzon temperature of your cheeks,
Laid a lead colour with his boystrous blowes.

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Ful. Then did he not
Eyther by poison, or some other plot,
Send you to death, where by his Prouidence,
God hath preferu'd you by wondrous myracle?
Nay after death hath he not scandaliz'd
Your place, with an immodest Curtizan?

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Mis.Ar. And yet, and yet, and still, and euer whilst I
breathe this ayre:
Nay after death my vnsubstantiall soule,
Like a good Angell shall attend on him,
And keepe him from all harme.
But is he married, much good do his heart,
God he may content him better farre

Then

how to chuse a good wife from a bad.

Then I haue done : long may they liue in peace,
Till I disturbe their solace; but because
I teare some mischiefe doth hang ore his head,
He weepe mine eyes drie with my present care,
And for their healths make hoarce my toong with praier.

Exit.

Ful. Art sure she is a woman? if she be,
She is create of Natures puritie.

Ans. O yes, I too well know she is a woman,
Henceforth my vertue shall my loue withstand;
And on my struiuing thoughts get the vpper hād.

Ful. Then thus resolu'd, I straight will drinke to thee,
A health thus deepe, to drowne thy melancholy.

Exit.

Enter Mary, young Arthur, Brabo, and Splay.

Ma. Not haue my will, yes I will haue my will,
Shall I not goe abroad but when you please?
Can I not now and then meete with my friends,
But at my coming home you will controwle me?
Marrie come vp.

Young Ar. Where art thou patience?
Nay rather wheres become my former spleene?
I had a wife would not haue vſde me so.

Ma. Why you lacke sawce, you Cuckold, you what not,
What am not I of age sufficient
To go and come still when my pleasure series,
But must I haue you sir to question me?
Not haue my will? yes I will haue my will.

Young Ar. I had a wife would not haue vſde me so,
But shee is dead.

Bra. Not haue her will, sir she shall haue her will,
She saies she will, and sir I say she shall.
Not haue her will? that were a least indeed.
Who saies she shall not, if I be disposde

A pleasant conceited Comedie

To man her forth, who shall finde fault with it?
What's he that dare say black's her eie?
Though you be married fir, yet you must know
That she was euer borne to haue her will.

Splay. Not haue her wil, Gods passion I say still,
A woman's no bodie that wants her will.

Yong Ar. Where is my spirit, what shal I main-
A strumpet with a *Brabo* and her bawd, (taine
To beard me out of my authoritie.
What am I from a maister made a slaue?

Ma. A slaue? nay worse, dost thou maintain my man,
And this my maide? tis I maintaine them both.
I am thy wife, I will not be drest so
While thy Gold lasts, but then most willingly
I will bequeath thee to flat beggerie.
I do alreadie hate thee, do thy worst,
Nay touch me if thou darst: what shall he beate me?

Bra. Ile make him seeke his fingers mongst the dogges,
That dares to touch my Mistresse: neuer feare,
My sword shall smooth the wrinkles of his browes
That bends a frowne vpon my Mistresse.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,
But God is iust.

Ma. Now *Arthur*, if I knew
What in this world would most torment thy soule,
That I would doo: would all my euill vsage
Could make thee straight dispaire, and hang thy selfe.
Now I remember, where is *Arthurs* man
Pipkin, that slaue? go turne him out of doores,
None that loues *Arthur*, shall haue house-rome here.

Enter Pipkin.

Yonder he comes, *Brabo* discard the fellow.

Yong Ar. Shall I be ouermaistred in my owne?
Be thy selfe *Arthur*, strumpet he shall stay.

Mary.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Mary. What shall he *Brabo*, shall he Mistris *Splay*?

Bra. Shall he? he shall not: breathes there any liuing,
Dares say he shall, when *Brabo* saies he shall not?

Tong Ar. Is there no law for this? she is my wife,
Should I complaine, I should be rather mockt:

I am content, keepe by thee whom thou list.

Discharge whom thou thinkst good, do what thou wilt,

Rise, go to bed, stay at home, or go abroad

At thy good pleasure keepe all companies:

So that for all this, I may haue but peace.

Be vnto me as I was to my wife,

Onely giue me what I denied her then,

A litle loue, and some small quietnesse.

If he displease thee, turne him out of doores.

Pip. Who me? turne me out of doores? is this all the
wages I shall haue at the yeares end, to bee turned out of
doores? you Mistris, you are a.

Splay. A what? speake, a what? touch her, and touch me,
taint her, and taint me, speake, speake, a what?

Pip. Marrie a woman that is kin to the frost.

Splay. How do you meane that? (stand.

Pip. And you are a kin to the Latine word, to vnder-

Splay. And whats that?

Pip. *Subaudi, subaudi*: and sir, doo you not vse to pinke.

Splay. And why? (doublets?

Pip. I tooke you for a cutter, you are of a great kindred,
you are a common couzener, euerie bodie calls you cou-
sen: besides, they say you are a verie good Warrener, you
haue beene an olde Coney-catcher: but if I bee turned a
begging, as I know not what I am borne too, and that
you euer come to the said Trade, as nothing is vnpossible,
Ile set all the Common-wealth of beggers on your back,
and all the Congregation of vermine shall be put to your
keeping, and then if you bee not more bitten then all the

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Companie of beggers besides, Ile not haue my will:
zounds turnd out of doores, Ile goe and set vp my Trade,
a dish to drink in that I haue within, a wallet that Ile make
of an old shirt, then my speech for the Lordes sake, I be-
seech your worship, then I must haue a lame leg, Ile go to
footeball and breake my shinnes, and I am prouided for
that.

Bra. What stands the villain prating, hence you slaue.

Exit Pipkin.

Ton. Ar. Art thou yet pleas'd?

Ma. When I haue had my humor.

Ton. Ar. Good friends for manners sake a while with-

Bra. It is our pleasure sir to stand aside. *(draw.)*

Tong. Ar. *Mary* what cause hast thou to vse me thus?

From nothing I haue rais'd thee to much wealth,

I was more then I did owe thee: many a pound,

Nay many a hundred pound I spent on thee

In my wiues time; and once but by my meanes

Thou hads bin in much danger, but in all things

My purse and credit euer bare thee out:

I did not owe thee this, I had a wife

That would haue laid her selfe beneath my feete

To do me seruice, her I set at naught

For the intire affection I bare thee.

To shew that I haue lou'd thee, haue I not

Above all women made chiefe choyce of thee?

An argument sufficient of my loue,

What reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

Ma. It is my humor.

Ton. Ar. O but such humors honest wiues shuld purge:

He shew thee a far greater instance yet:

Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee,

Thou knewest my brothers wife, was she not faire?

Mary. So so.

Tong

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Yong Ar. But more then faire, was she not vertuous
Endued with the beautie of the minde?

Yon. Ar. Faith so they said.

Yong Ar. Harke in thine eare, Ile trust thee with my life,
Then which what greater instance of my loue:
Thou knewest full well how sodainly she died,
To enioy thy loue euen then I poysoned her.

Ma. How poysoned her! accursed murderer,
Ile ring this fatall larum in all eares,
Then which what greater instance of my hate

Yong Ar. Wilt thou not keep my counsell? (her.

Ma. Villain no, thoult poison me as thou hast poisoned

Yong Ar. Dost thou reward me thus for all my loue?
Then *Arthur* flie and seeke to saue thy life,
O difference twixt a chaste and vnchaste wife. *Exit.*

Ma. Pursue the murderer, apprehend him strait.

Bra. Why whats the matter Mistris?

Ma. This villain *Arthur* poisoned his first wife,
Which he in secret hath confess't to me:
Goe and fetch warrants from the Iustices

To attach the murderer, he once hangd and dead,
His wealth is mine: pursue the slaue thats dead.

Bra. Mistris I will, he shall not passe this land
But I will bring him bound with this strong hand.

Exit.
Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mis. Ar. O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,
That in their actions we affect them so?
Had I bene borne a seruant, my low life

Had stied stood from all these miseries:

The wauing reeds stand free from euery gust,

VWhen the tall okes are rent vp by the rootes:

VWhat is vaine bewtie but an Idle breath?

VWhy are we proud of that which so soone changes?

But

A pleasant conceited Comedie

But rather with the bewtie of the minde,
Which neither time can alter, sicknesse change,
Violence deface, nor the black hand of enuie,
Smudge & disgrace, or spoile, or make deformd.
O had my riotous husband borne this minde,
He had bene happie, I had bene more blest,
And peace had prought our quiet soules to rest.

Enter young Arthur poorly.

Yong Ar. O whither shall I flie to saue my life,
When murther and dispaire dogs at my heeles?
O miserie, thou neuer foundst a friend,
All friends forsake men in aduersitie:
My brother hath denied to succour me,
Vpbraiding me with name of murderer.
My vncles double barre their doores against me;
My father hath denied to shelter me,
And curst me worse then Adam did vile *Ene.*
That within these two daies had more friends
Then I could number with Arithmatike,
Haue now no more then one poore Cipher is,
And that poore Cipher I supply my selfe.
All that I durst commit my fortunes too,
I haue tried, & finde none to relieue my wants,
My sudden flight, and feare of future shame,
Left me vn furnisht of all necessaries,
And these three daies I haue not tasted foode.

Mis. ar. It is my husband, o how iust is heauen!
Poorly disguis'd, and almost hunger-staru'd.
How comes this change?

Yong. ar. Doth no man follow me?
O how suspicious guiltie murder is,
I starue for hunger, and I die for thirst:
Had I a kingdome I would sell my Crowne
For a small bit of bread: I shame to beg,

And

how to chuse a good wife from a bad.

And yet perforce I must or beg or starue:
This house belike longs to some gentlewoman,
And heres a woman, I will beg of her:
Good mistris looke vpon a proore mans wants.
Whom do I see? tush *Arthur* she is dead:
But that I saw her dead and buried,
I would haue sworne it had bene *Arthurs* wife:
But I will leaue her, shame forbids me beg
On one so much resembles her.

Mis. Ar. Come hither fellow, wherfore dost thou turn
Thy guiltie lookes and blushing face aside?
It seemes thou hast not bene brought vp to this.

Yong Ar. You say true mistris: then for charitie,
And for her sake whom you resemble most,
Pittie my present want and miserie.

Mis. Ar. It seemes thou hast bene in some better plight,
Sit downe I prithee, men though they be poore,
Should not be scorn'd: to ease thy hunger, first
Eate these Conserues: and now I prithee tell me,
What thou hast bene, thy fortunes, thy estate,
And what she was that I resemble most?

Yong Ar. First looke that no man see, or ouerheare vs,
I thinke that shape was borne to do me good.

Mis. Ar. Hast thou knowne one that did resemble me?

Yong Ar. I Mistris, I cannot chuse but weepe
To call to minde the fortunes of her youth.

Mis. Ar. Tell me, of what estate or birth was she?

Yong Ar. Borne of good parents, & as well brought vp.
Most faire, but not so faire as vertuous,
Happie in all things but her marriage.
Her riotous husband, which I weepe to thinke,
By his leaud life made them both miscarrie.

Mis. Ar. Why dost thou grieue at their aduersities?

Yong Ar. O blame me not, that man my kinsman was,
Nearer

A pleasant vnacted Comedie

Nearer to me a kinsman could not be,
As neare allied was that chaste woman too;
Nearer was neuer husband to his wife:
He whom I term'd my friend, no friend of mine;
Prouing both mine and his owne enemy,
Poysoned his wife, o the time he did so,
Ioyed at her death, in humane slaue to do so,
Exchang'd her loue for a base strumpets lust,
Foule wretch, accursed villaine, to exchange so.
Mis. Ar. You are wise, and blest, and happie to repent so,
But what became of him and his new wife?

Tong Ar. O heare the iustice of the highest heauen,
This strumpet in reward of all his loue,
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,
And now the wofull husband languisheth,
Flies vpon pursu'd by her fierce hate,
And now too late he doth repent her sinne,
Readie to perish in his owne dispaire,
Hauing no meanes but death to rid his care.

Mis. Ar. I can indure no more but I must weepe,
My blabbing teares cannot my counsell keepe.

Tong Ar. Why weep you Mistris? if you had the heart
Of her whom you resemble in your face,
But she is dead, and for her death,
The sponge of either eye,
Shall weepe red teares till euerie vaine is drie.

Mis. Ar. Why weep you friend, your raine drops keepe
Repentance wipes away the drops of sin.
Yet tell me friend, he did exceeding ill,
A wife that lou'd and hononr'd him, to kill.
Yet say one like her, farre more chaste then faire,
Bids him be of good comfort, not despaire.
Her soule's appeas'd with her repentant teares,
Wishing he may suruiue her many yeares.

Faine

how to chuse a good Wife from a Maid

Faine would I giue him money to supply
His present wants, but fearing he should die,
And getting ouer to some forrain shore,
These rainy eyes should neuer see him more.
My hart is full, I can no longer stay,
But what I am my loue must needs bewray.
Farewell good fellow, and take this to spend,
Say one like her commends her to your friend. *Exit.*

Tong Ar. No friend of mine, I was my owne soules foe
To murder my chaste wife, that lou'd me so
In life she lou'd me dearer then her life,
What husband here, but would wish such a wife
I heare the Officers with hue and crye,
She sau'd my life but now, and now I die.
And welcome death; I will not stir from hence,
Death I deseru'd, Ile die for this offence.

Enter Brabo with Officers, Splay and Hagb.

Bra. Here is the murderer, and *Reasons man.*
You haue the warrant: Sirs laie hands on him,
Attach the slaue, and lead him bound to death.

Hu. No by my faith *M. Brabo*, you haue the better hart,
at least you should haue: I am sure you haue more Iron
and Steele, then I haue, do you laie hands vpon him, I pro-
mise you I dare not.

Bra. Constables forward, forward Officers,
I will not thrust my finger in the fire.
Laie hands on him I say, why step you backe?
I meane to be the hindmost, least that any
Should runne away and leaue the rest in perill:
Stand forward, are you not asham'd to feare?

Tong Ar. Nay neuer strue, behold I yeld my selfe,
I must commend your resolution,
That being so many and so weapon'd,
Dare not aduenture on a man vnarm'd.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Now lead me to what prison you thinke best,
Yet vse me well, I am a Gentleman.

Hue. Truly M. *Arthur* we will vse you as well as heart
can thinke, the Iustices sit to day, and my Mistris is chiefe,
you shall commaund me.

Bra. What hath he yeilded? if he had withstood vs,
This Curtelay of mine had cleft his head:
Resist he durst not when he once spied me.
Come lead him hence, how likest thou this sweet witch?
This fellowes death will make our mistris rich.

Splay. I say I care not whose dead or aliue,
So by their liues or deaths, we two may thriue.

Hue. Come beare him away.

Enter Iustice Reason, old Arthur, old Lufam.

Iust. Old M. *Arthur* and M. *Lufam*, so it is, that I haue
heard both your complaints, but vnderstood neither, for
you know *Agerere & non intelligere negligere est.*

Old Ar. I come for fauour, as a father should,
Pittyng the fall and ruine of his sonne.

Old Luf. I come for iustice, as a father should,
That hath by violent murder lost his daughter.

Iust. You come for fauour, and you come for iustice, as
Iustice with fauour is not partiall, and vsing that, I hope to please you both.

Old Ar. Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my sonne.

Old Luf. Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my daughter.

Iust. Why so I do, I thinke vpon them both,
But can do neither of you good:
For he that liues must die, and she thats dead,
Cannot be reuiued.

Old Ar. *Lufam*, thou seekst to rob me of my sonne, my
onely sonne.

Old Luf. Hee robd mee of my daughter, my onely
daughter.

well

22

Iust.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

Iust. And robbers are flat fellows by the law.

Old Ar. *Lusam*, I say thou art a blood-sucker,
A tyrant, a remorselesse Caniball:

Old as I am Ile proue it on thy bones.

Old Lu. Am I a blood-sucker or Caniball?

Am I a tyrant that do thirst for blood?

Old Ar. I if thou seekst the ruine of my sonne,
Thou art a tyrant and a blood-sucker.

Old Lu. I if I seeke the ruine of thy sonne I am indeed.

Old Ar. Nay more thou art a dotard.

And in the right of my accursed sonne,

I chalendge thee the field, meet me I say

To morrow morning besides *Islington*,

And bring thy sword & buckler if thou darst.

Old Lu. Meet thee with my sword & buckler,
theres my gloue,

Ile meet thee to reuenge my daughters death.

Callst thou me dotard, though these threescore

I neuer handled weapon but a knife (yeares,

To cut my meate, yet wil I meet thee there.

Gods pretious call me dotard.

Old Arthur. I haue cause,

Iust cause to call thee dotard, haue I not?

Old Lu. Nay thats another matter haue you cause,

Then God forbid that I should take exceptions

To be cald dotard of one that hath cause.

Iust. My Maisters you must leaue this quarrelling, for
quarrellers are neuer at peace; and me of peace while they
are at quiet are neuer quarrelling; so you whilst you fall
into brawles, you cannot chuse but Iar. Here comes your
sonne accused, & your wife the accuser: stand forth both.

Hugh be readie with your pen and Inke to take their exa-
minations and confessions.

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.
Enter Mary, Splay, Brabegone Arthur, Hunt,
and Officers.

Yong Ar. It shall not need, I do confesse the deed,
Of which this woman here accuseth me:
I poisoned my first wife, and for that deed
I yeeld me to the mercie of the lawe.

Old Luf. Villaine, thou meanst my onely daughter,
And in her death depriuedst me of all ioyes.

Yong ar. I meane her, I do confesse the deed,
And though my bodierasse the force of Lawe,
Like an offender, on my knee I begges,
Your angrie soule will pardon me her death.

Old Luf. Nay if he kneeling do confesse the deed,
No reason but I should forgieue her death.

Iust. But so the law must not be satisfied,
Bloud must haue bloud, and men must haue death,
I thinke that cannot be dispenc'd withall.

Ma. If all the world else would forgieue the deed,
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,
The wealth of *Europe* could not hire her tongue,
To be offensive to my patient eares,
But in exchanging her, I did preferre
A diuell before a Saint, night before day,
Hell before heauen, and drosse before tried gold,
Neuer was bargain with such dammage sold.

Bra. If you want witnesse to confirme the deed,
I heard him speake it, and that to his face
Before this presence I will iustifie,
I will not part hence till I see him swing.

Splay. I heard him too, pittie but he should die,
and like a murderer be sent to hell,
To poyson her, and make her belly swell.

Ma. Why stay you then, giue iudgement on the flauie,
Whose

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Whose shamelesse life deserues a shamefull graue.

Tong Ar. Deaths bitter pangs are not so full of grieffe,
As this vnkindnesse: euery word thou speakest,
Is a sharpe dagger thrust quite through my heart.

As little I deserue this at thy hands,
As my kinde patient wife deseru'd of me,
I was her torment; God hath made thee mine;
Then wherefore at iust plagues should I repine?

Iust. Where didst thou buy this poison? for such drugs
are felonie for any man to sell.

Tong Ar. I had the poison of *Aminadab*,
But innocent man, he was not accessarie
To my wifes death; I cleare him of the deed.

Iust. No matter, fetch him, fetch him, bring him
To answer to this matter at the barre:

Hue, take these Officers and apprehend him.

Bar. Ile aide him too, the schoolemaister I see
Perhaps may hang with him for companie.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. This is the day of *Arthurs* examination
And triall for the murder of his wife:

Lets heare how Iustice *Reason* will proceed,
In censuring of his strickt punishment.

Ful. *Anselme* content, lets thrust in among the throng.

Enter Aminadab, brought in with Officers.

Ami. O *Domine*, what meane these knaues,
To lead me thus with bills and glaues?

O what example would it bee,

To all my pupills for to see,

To tread their steps all after me:

If for some fault I hanged be:

Somewhat surely I shall marre,

If you bring me to the barre.

But peace, betake thee to thy wits,

For

A pleasant conceited Comedie

For yonder Iustice Reason sits.

Iust. Sir Dad, Sir Dab, heres one accuseth you
To giue him poison being ill imploied,
Speak how in this case you can cleare your selfe.

Ami. *Hei mihi*, what shuld I say, the poison giue I denay:
He tooke it perforce frō my hands, and *domine* why not I
Got it of a gentleman, he most freely gaue it,
Aske he knew me, a meanes was only to haue it.

Tong Ar. Tis true I tooke it from this man perforce,
and snatcht it from his hand by rude constraint,
Which proues him in this act not culpable.

Iust. I but who sold the poison vnto him?
That must be likewise knowne, speake schoole-maister.

Ami. A man *verbosus*, that was a fine *generosus*,
He was a great guller, his name I take to be *Fuller*:
See where he stands that vnto my hands conueyed a

powder,
and like a knaue sen her to her graue obscurely to shroud
her.

Iust. Laie hands on him, are you a poison seller?
Bring him before vs, sirra what say you,
Sold you a poison to this honest man?

Ful. I sold no poison, but I gaue him one
To kill his Rats.

Iust. Ha, ha, I smell a Rat.
You sold him poison then to kill his Rats?
The word to kill, argues a murderous mind:
and you are brought in compasse of the murders
So set him by we will not heare him speake.
That *Arthur Fuller* and the schoole-maister
Shall by the Iudges be examined.

Ans. Sir if my friend may not speak for himself
Yet let me his proceedings iustifie.

Iust.

How to charge a young wife from a man.

Iust. Whats he that will a murder iustifie?

Lay hands on him, laie hands on him I say,

For iustificers are all accessaries,

And accessaries haue deseru'd to die.

Away with him, we will not heare him speake,

They all shall to the high Commissioners.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mis. Ar. Nay stay them, stay them yet a little while,

I bring a warrant to the contrary,

And I will please all parties presently. (death,

Tong Ar. I thinke my wiues ghost haunts me to my

Wretch that I was to shorten her liues breath.

Old Ar. Whom do I see my sonnes wife?

Old Luf. What my daughter?

Iust. Is it not Mistris Arthur that we see,

That long since buried we suppos'd to bee.

Mis. Ar. This man is cōdem'd for poysoning of his wife,

His poysoned wife yet liues, and I am there,

And therefore iustly I release his bands.

This man for suffering him these drugs to take,

Is likewise bound, release him for my sake.

This gentleman that first the poyson gaue,

And this his friend to be releas'd I craue.

Murder there cannot be where none is kild,

Her blood is sau'd whom you suppos'd was spild.

Father in law I giue you here your sonne,

The act's to do, which you suppos'd was donne.

And father now ioy in your daughters life,

Whom heauen hath still kept to be Arthurs wife.

Old Ar. O welcome, welcome, daughter now I

God by his power hath preferu'd thee. (see,

Old Lu. And tis my wench whom I suppos'd was dead,

My ioy reuiues, and my sad woe is fled.

Tong

Yong Ar. I know not what I am, nor where I am,
My soules transported to an exstasie,
For hope and ioy confound my memorie.

Ma. What do I see, liues *Arburs* wife againe?
Nay then I labour for his death in vaine.

Bra. What secret force did in nature lurke,
That in her soule the poyson would not worke?

Splay. How can it be the poyson took no force?
She liues with that which wold haue kild a horse.

Mis. Ar. Nay shun me not, be not asham'd at all,
To heauen not me, for grace and pardon fall.
Looke on me *Arthurs*, blissh not at my wrongs.

Yong Ar. Stil feare & hope my grief & woe prolongs.
But tell me by what power thou didst suruiue?
with my own hands I temperd that vild draught
That sent thee breathles to thy grandfines graue,
If that were poyson I receiu'd from him.

Ami. That *egonifais*, but this drame
Receiu'd I of this gentleman.
The colour was to kill my Rats,
But twas my owne life to dispatch.

Ful. Is it euen so, then this ambiguous doubt:
No man can better then my selfe decide.
That compound powder was of Poppie made and Mame.
Of purpose to cast one into a sleepe. (drakes,
To ease the deadly paine of him whose legge
Should be sawd off, that powder gaue I to the school mai-

Ami. And that same powder, euen that I doe, (flora
You tooke from me the same *per fidem*.

Yong Ar. And that same powder I comixt with wine,
Our godly kapt of wedlocke to intwine.

Old Ar. But daughter who did take thee from thy graue?

Old Lu. Discourse it daughter.
Ans. Nay that labour saue. Pardon

Two Images of a good wife
Pardon me *McArthur*, I will now
Confesse the former frailtie of my loue.
Your modest wife with words / tempered oft,
But neither ill I could report of you,
Nor any good I could forge for my selfe
Would winne her to attend to my request:
Nay after death I lou'd her; in so much
That to the vault where she was buried,
My constant loue did lead me thorow the darke,
There readie to haue tane my last farewell,
The parting kisse I gaue her I felt warme,
Briefly, I bare her to my mothers house,
Where she hath since liu'd the most chaste & true,
That since the worlds creation eye did view.

Yong Ar. My first wife stand you here, my second there,
And in the midst my selfe: he that will chuse
A good wife from a bad, come learne of me
That haue tried both, in wealth and miserie.
A good wife will be carefull of her fame,
Her husbands credit, and her owne good name:
And such art thou. A bad wife will respect
Her pride, her lust, and her good name neglect,
And such art thou. A good wife will be still
Industrious, apt to do her husbands will
But a bad wife, crosse, spightfull and madding,
Neuer keep home, but alwaies be a gadding:
And such art thou. A good wife will conceale
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reueale
That may procure him harme, and such art thou.
But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlocks vow.
On this hand vertue, and on this hand sinne,
This who would striue to loose, or this to winne?
Here liues perpetuall ioy, here burning woe,
Now husbands choose on which hand you will goe.

Seeke

Seeke vertuous wiues, all husbands will be blest,
Faire wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are best,
They that my fortunes will peruse, shall finde
No beauties like the beautie of the minde.

FINIS.

